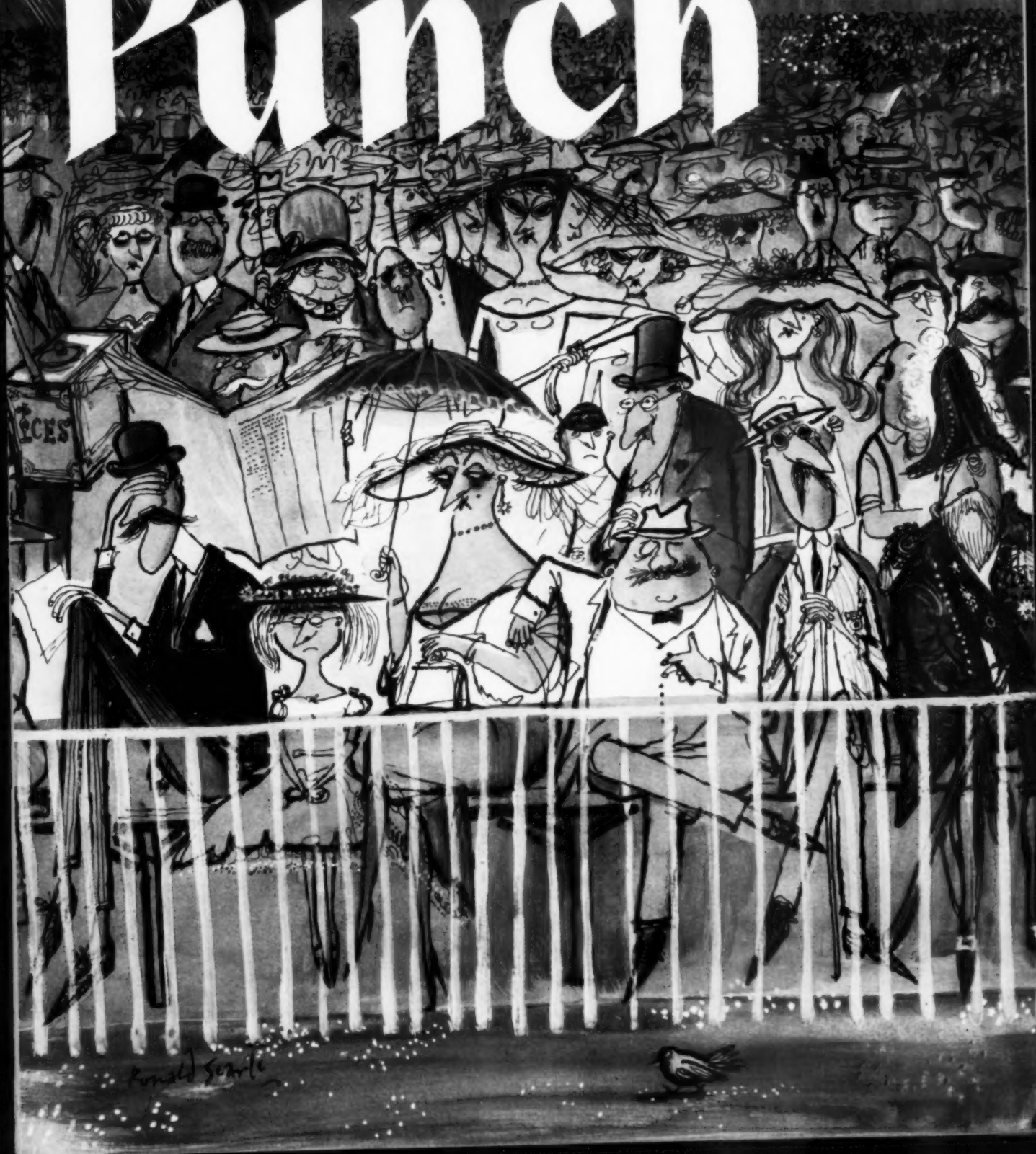


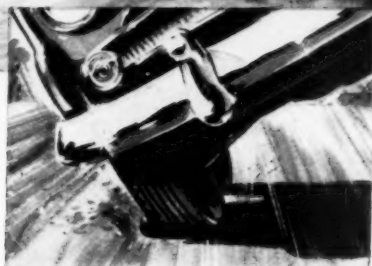
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Punch





Smashing blows for Goodyear Tubeless as thrilling Motor Rodeo stunt cars plunge down from ramps with two-wheel rim-edge rolls. The result? No air loss. No damage in twenty shows.



Close up shows the punishing impact - distortion on Goodyear Tubeless.



The climax of all tyre torturing stunts - Spectacular 60 m.p.h. leaps from ramp to ramp.



Car crash-lands on ramp, pounding its Goodyear Tubeless. The tyres held fast!

TORTURE TESTS PROVE **GOOD YEAR** TUBELESS CAN TAKE IT

No air loss! No punctures or bursts! No tyre failure of any sort! These amazing facts were revealed after brutal tyre tests on Goodyear Tubeless by daredevil stunt drivers. They tried everything - crashing two-wheel drops from feet-high ramps to skid turns at high speed. But the tyres were undamaged. Think what it means to have tyres like this on *your* car. You could drive with peace of mind, knowing that Goodyear Tubeless is built to be trouble-free, to take a terrific beating and to give greater safety, easier steering, more riding comfort, longer mileage.

NO TUBE TO PINCH, TEAR OR BURST

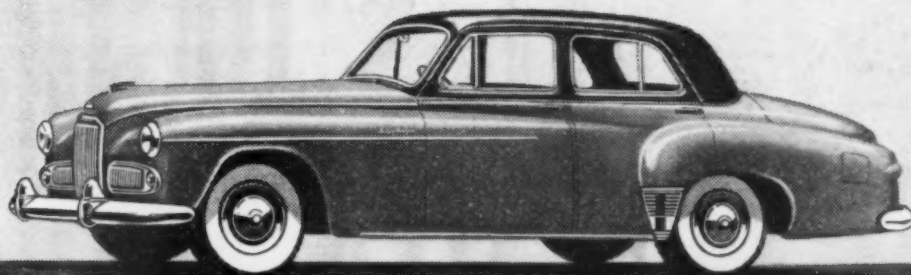
with Goodyear Tubeless because the tyre itself is made completely airtight by Grip-Seal Construction, a unique and exclusive Goodyear process. Tubes and the tyre troubles they cause are done away with.



GOODYEAR TUBELESS COSTS NO MORE THAN AN ORDINARY TYRE AND TUBE

The lowest-price luxury car

with fully automatic transmission



HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

To the luxury and high performance of the Super Snipe is added the pleasure of a fully automatic transmission. Tested and proved all over the world, the Borg-Warner transmission gives 'two-pedal' driving with better performance and more flexibility, without extra petrol consumption. It means tireless armchair driving, even in the densest traffic. With conventional or automatic gear change the Super Snipe is a car of distinction at a price unequalled for value amongst quality cars.

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**Available with Overdrive £45 extra, plus p.t.*



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Write for illustrated descriptive publication DE3316 giving information on all models available to The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



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PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

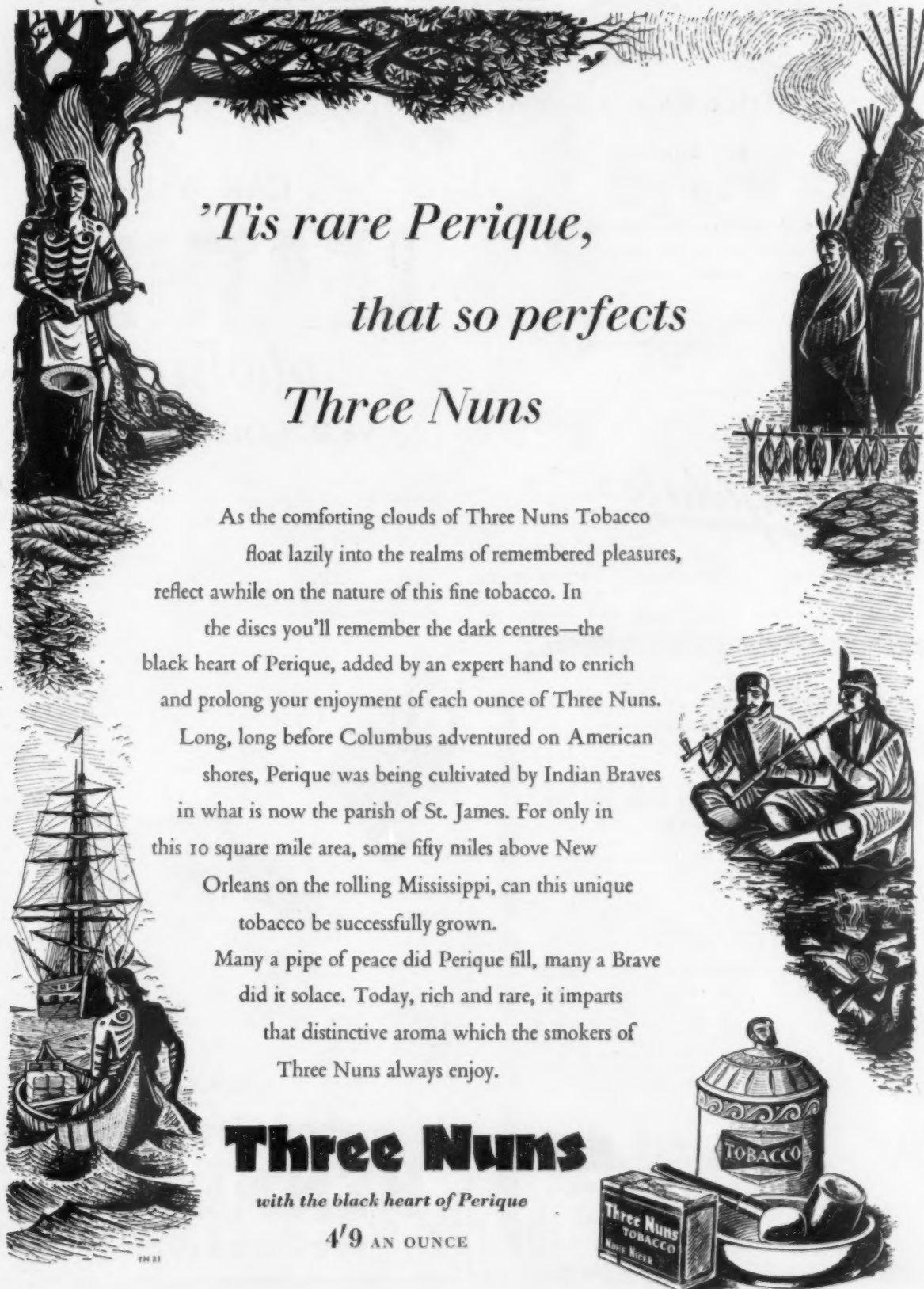
*'Tis rare Perique,
that so perfects
Three Nuns*

As the comforting clouds of Three Nuns Tobacco float lazily into the realms of remembered pleasures, reflect awhile on the nature of this fine tobacco. In the discs you'll remember the dark centres—the black heart of Perique, added by an expert hand to enrich and prolong your enjoyment of each ounce of Three Nuns. Long, long before Columbus adventured on American shores, Perique was being cultivated by Indian Braves in what is now the parish of St. James. For only in this 10 square mile area, some fifty miles above New Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique tobacco be successfully grown. Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts that distinctive aroma which the smokers of Three Nuns always enjoy.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

4/9 AN OUNCE





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with the bubble
on top*

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they're cheaper than you think

If you can afford to take snapshots you can certainly afford to take moving pictures with a Bolex Cine Camera. True it costs more initially than some still cameras, but you'll find the actual cost of making your family moving pictures compares very favourably with what you now pay for ordinary snaps.

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That's all filming with a Bolex need cost. 50 ft. of film, costing just over £1, gives you at least 24 good length action shots. Developing is free, so this works out at approximately 10d. a shot. Of course, you can vary the length of shots as you wish. In fact filming with a Bolex is far easier than taking still snapshots.

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LEATHER
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NEVER LOOKS ITS AGE

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Everybody looks up to
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY





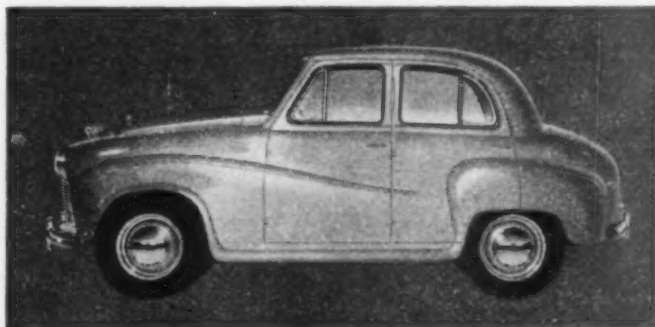
"Saves me pounds on petrol —
my new A.30"



Frankly young Gordon didn't trust his father to choose a car all on his own. So he kept an eye out for all the different makes on the road, read the advertisements, peered into dealers' windows, then came to one firm conclusion. The Austin A.30 was definitely his car. It was a big car for its size; with big car performance, too. It was obviously child's play to handle and park even in the most crowded areas. And it was, he found out, astonishingly light on petrol. So when he was told that you could buy an A.30 for as little as £541 7s. Gordon had no hesitation in recommending it unreservedly. The best day's work Gordon ever did, admits his father.

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Liv'pole Worckers



Extract from the Liverpool Municipal records (known as the Liverpool precedents) Circa 1541.

'Item, the Great Inquest doyth ordre & decre that Mr. Mayre & the balyffs shall srche the towne as oft as nede shall require for Idle p'sons, able to worcke & labuor & do not: & cause theym & ev'y of theym to worcke & labuor or els to avoyde the towne & not to come in agayne except to labor uppon payne of imp'sonment & other ponysohemet accordyng to the Kyng's Statuts thereof made &c.'

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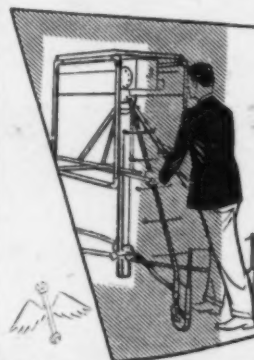
THE BEANSTALK

ET GO.

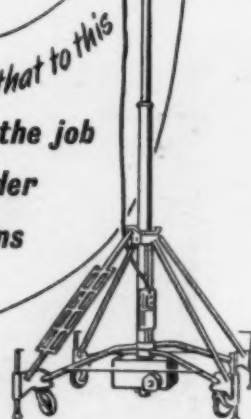
provides a safe, mobile working platform, on the spot and up to the work in minutes. It is one of a unique and comprehensive range of Access tools designed to supersede timber towers, trestles, scaffolding and similar cumbersome devices.

Access tools save precious man hours on every overhead job

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*From that to this
and on the job
in under
5 mins*



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'El Catador'
(THE CONNOISSEUR)
A NATURAL FINO
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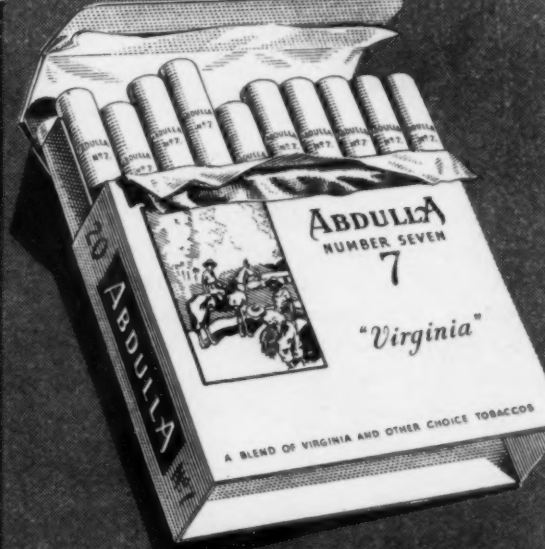


"EL CATADOR" is Spanish for "The Connoisseur". This Natural Fino Sherry is a very dry wine which makes the ideal aperitif. It will give zest to even the most jaded appetite and win the appreciation of the most exacting connoisseur of Spain's foremost wine.

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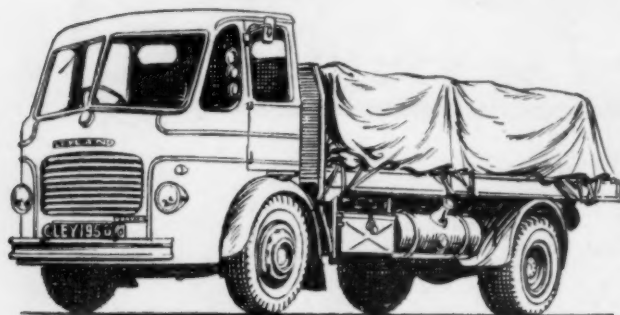


BEVY of BEAVERS

Recognise them?

That thing on the right is an armorial beaver through which jousting knights peered for the whites of their foeman's eyes. Our bearded chum dates back to the game of the Gay 20's when three beavers together counted game and set. The aquatic beaver is known everywhere as a model of industry. Has a mania for making dams when alive, but makes a dam sight more when dead!

Below is the Leyland 'Beaver', known everywhere as a grand model for industry. Carries about 9 tons or 15 tons with a trailer on a fuel consumption that would be frugal for many a truck half its size. Value when dead... unknown; it seems to live for ever!



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Price 5/6, 10/6.



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This Cooper air-freshener is a 'must' in every home! A puff's enough to end smells of cooking, stale smoke and other unwanted odours instantly when you press the button. Price 5/3.



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Here's a mothproof that really kills moths and their grubs! One spraying with lavender perfumed MOTH-aire gives up to 12 MONTHS protection for your stored clothes and furnishings. Prove it for yourself! Price 5/6, 9/6.



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If a secretary sits waiting through an hour of constant telephone interruptions, in order to take down twenty-minutes dictation, it's money wasted.

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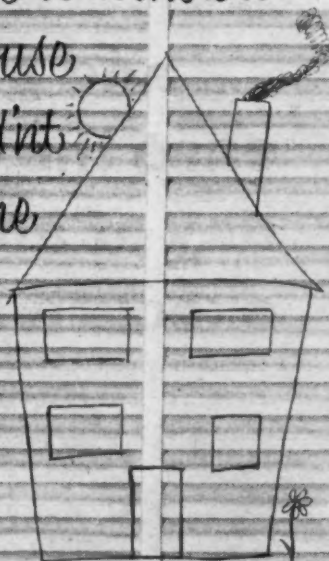
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* The modern venetian blinds with the exclusive S-shaped slat for better light and air control. You can read (and see) all about it in the Sun-Aire booklet—write for your free copy today.

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Relax, and as you light up your Sobranie Virginia, things settle down. Through its smoke rings you see through most things; in its smoke clouds are castles of enchantment; in its aroma is contentment and peace . . . Let the specially chosen Virginia leaf, matured in casks like vintage wine, give you the perfect answer to every fret. For Sobranie Virginia are no ordinary cigarettes; they are made to meet the requirements of the most fastidious of palates and to delight both you and the choosiest of your smoking companions.



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Chillon Château on Lake Geneva, Switzerland



ARISTOTLE 384 — 322 B.C.

Though for long his outlook was largely misunderstood, Aristotle in fact propounded precisely the system of enquiring which to-day we call scientific method. The drawing is after the sculpture in the Vienna Art-History Museum.

*The true scientist is a man who is
happy because he is discontented. All knowledge
is good yet none of it good enough. Hence the research
by which industry progresses.*

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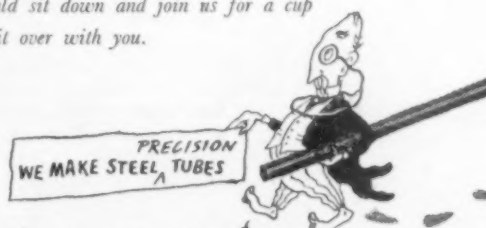
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*If you want
hundreds of thousands of feet
of steel tubes*

Accles & Pollock have them

We are in trouble with the Directors again. In fact they are revolting (in a nice sort of way) because for a long time we haven't told you how good they are at producing hundreds of thousands of feet of ordinary carbon steel tubing to precise specification. We hereby give notice that tubes for refrigerators; tubes for diesel engine oil feed pipes; tubes for vacuum cleaners and such like are exactly Accles & Pollock's cup of tea—freshly made, straight from the pot, cold drawn but piping hot. If you'll wait till we wipe the draw-bench you could sit down and join us for a cup while we talk it over with you.





that's my milk chocolate



in the red and gold wrapper

Lovely rich milk chocolate. Melt-in-the-mouth milk chocolate. With that special fresh-creamy flavour which is so very appetising! In short—milk chocolate at its very best—Nestlé's, of course!





LITTLE came of last week's debate on concessions for habitual smokers among old age pensioners—beyond relief to learn that there are old age pensioners among habitual smokers.

Hard Astern

A MYSTERIOUS force is at work, and seems to be connected with the mass yearning for the past which the nation has been expressing during the last ten years. Surrendering to this hypnosis the entertainment industry has already brought back the Yo-Yo, the Pogostick and Old Tyme Dancing, and replaced the gangster with Robin Hood. Gramophone records, so recently regarded as a relic of the pre-Marconi age, are booming. Two leading dailies are organizing crossword puzzle championships. Mr. Aubrey Jones, Minister of Fuel, has announced an ambitious plan to extract gas from coal. And last Monday, from a yard at Scotstoun, the Admiralty launched the *Director*—a brand new paddle tug.

No Takers

FINDING that a traffic-light wouldn't work in Leadenhall Street recently, a bus-conductor got results by giving it



a sharp kick on the base. Industrial management is impressed, but scared to try it.

Gluttons

WHEN the *News of the World* film critic the other Sunday reviewed "another Hollywood study of a crazy, mixed-up slayer" readers who had already got through the news headlines "Wife Says He Lit Matches Under Her

Nails," "Letters Breathed Depth of Love for His Pupil," "Dumpy Little Girl of 14 Faces Murder Charge," and so on, sat back with conditioned expectation. It was a shock when he described the picture as "a grim offering," and added fastidiously, "I wish Hollywood would drop making these things."

Family Hold Back

HOME Secretaries are always hard at it, and Major Lloyd-George, if his speeches and Press Office hand-outs are any guide, is no exception. He wears a happy smile, whether laying the foundation stone of a new prison ("It has indeed given me unusual pleasure . . ."), meeting the Magistrates' Association



("It gives me great pleasure to come here . . ."), joining a Civil Defence rally ("I am delighted to have the opportunity . . .") or addressing the N.S.P.C.C. ("It is with particular pleasure that . . ."). It is only when his sister walks in with a petition for a Welsh Parliament that his bonhomie evaporates in a cloud of formalities about "administrative devolution" and reports to "my colleagues in the Cabinet."

Feet of Clay

YOUNG things splashing overboard from Thames houseboats have drawn disapproving comment. Killjoys are rampant, and it is scarcely possible to throw a champagne bottle from a balcony without getting questions asked in the House. It is in this sort of situation that we expect the *Daily Express* to step in and strike a blow for

youth. Instead we find it on the killjoys' side, with a stuffy article headed "Leave the Duke of Kent Alone."

Any Keel-Hauling?

THE Captain Cook exhibition at the National Maritime Museum is a reminder of the hardships of a sailor's



life, with its theme of anti-scorbutics and cakes of portable soup. Also worth a glance from sea-minded visitors to Britain is the new naval shore station, H.M.S. *Collingwood*, where Chief Petty Officers serve, according to an Admiralty note, among contemporary furniture, bedside lamps, shaving lights and electric-razor connections, in quarters "decorated in attractive pastel shades."

Pound of Biography, Please

METHODS are under discussion to stimulate the book trade, and one idea might be an appeal to reviewers to discontinue the practice of quoting the number of pages at the head of a notice. This recent custom has the purpose, of course, of telling potential readers whether they will be able to carry the book home, or whether a hand-cart will be needed, but its weakness is that it disregards variations in the qualities of paper, thus arousing a good deal of resentment. The Booksellers' Association would do well to press for quotations by weight in future.

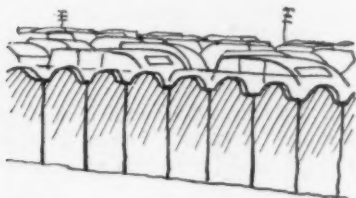
Count the Black Corpuscles

AFRIKANER opinion, though wholeheartedly behind the decision to organize the Union's blood transfusion services into white and non-white divisions, is bewildered at one provision in the

regulations which lays down that blood must be "labelled according to the race of the donor." Surely it needs only a glance at the colour?

Let 'em R.I.P.

BRITISH motorists reading of an American plan for a network of eight-lane trunk roads linking forty-two State capitals and over two hundred cities, costing \$37,000,000,000 and expected to save 3,500 lives a year, searched



their own news pages for hints of comparable initiative on this side. But the nearest they got was an announcement of sweeping plans by Birmingham Corporation to "widen and improve" the city cemeteries.

Hard Core

"STRIKERS Attack Their Unions" was a headline with significance for Transport House. Plans are already being drafted for the institution of an Amalgamated Union of Union Leaders.

See You in 1841

WRITING in *Nature* on "Relativity and Space Travel," Professor Herbert Dingle warns against the belief "that there is scientific sanction for the idea that it is possible to postpone the date of one's death" by embarking on an interplanetary flight, and thinks the fallacy should be exploded before someone takes a trip "to the Andromeda nebula in an attempt to outlive his granddaughter." Though many will be glad of these hints, the trouble with a warning of this kind is that it puts ideas into people's heads which, left alone, they might never have entertained.

Merry-go-round

MALENKOV's for Paris;

Mollet's back from Bonn;

Tito went to Moscow

(Sandys has been and gone).

Politicians soaring

Frequently and far,

Is it any wonder

They don't know where they are?

THE IGNOBLE TRADE

I WRITE as a would-be doctor (failed, M.D.). Every medical practitioner would agree that the habit of continual speech-making has a definite, if slow-acting, effect on the brain. The feminine brain rests on the very sharp bony spheroidal ridge. The effect of continual speech-making is to damage the frontal lobes which control woman's highest function, the power to co-ordinate her movements. Dr. Letitia Morgan, M.D., F.R.C.S., who has spent thirty years in the study of women politicians, has written: "After a period of approximately four years as a politician, the woman begins to 'soften up,' and exhibits symptoms of serious medical distress. Her tolerance of all contradiction is reduced. Her power of repartee, which had for a time been steadily improving, as steadily deteriorates. A slight dragging of the feet is noticed—though often at first only after dinner. In the very middle of a monologue she may go into a reverie, change the subject or repeat the same anecdote twenty-five or even twenty-six separate times. The capacity for reason becomes blurred."

The politician may not herself realize that she has been damaged or that her mental powers are gradually deteriorating. Or, if she does, she does not admit it for fear of deleterious effects on her career.



I have received confidential letters from the husbands of aldermen in the Midlands which have confirmed everything I say. The lives of these men have been rendered almost unendurable by wives whose brains in the course of years have been atrophied by municipal politics. This apparently has been the experience of the husband of a Town Councillor in Leamington, who has felt impelled to write to the *Daily Record*.

"Politics, I believe, wrecked my marriage and brought to me years of unhappiness. This is why I am writing this letter—as a warning to any man who may be thinking of marrying a professional politician. What happened to me could so easily happen to him.

"Dorothy, my wife, was twenty-two when I first met her. Outwardly she was a fine and beautiful woman. But quickly I learnt the truth. Politics had affected her mind. She would be moody, sometimes never speaking to me, sometimes burning the toast and again addressing me for days on end as if I were a public meeting. She could not sit still, but must always be driving round and round something in a motor-car. A roundabout would do if there was nothing better available. 'We must keep,' she said, 'always on the move.' She had a fixed mechanical smile with which she greeted everyone whom she met, whether she knew them or not, and was continually embarrassing me by shaking hands with total strangers and commenting to them upon the weather.

"But for politics I believe that Dorothy would have been a different woman. She had her good qualities, though she could not cook, and came, as time went on, steadily to look more and more like a gramophone."

C. H.

"The London Palladium's new revue *Rocking the Town*... contains nothing more striking than the courage of comedian Harry Secombe.

Ignoring a broken arm which is strapped to his side—he had a heavy fall while on holiday... He plays comedy sketches, dances a few steps and when he sings extracts from operas leaves everybody wondering why he stopped taking lessons from experts in Italy..."—*The Star*

Thought you were getting soft there, for a minute.



The last British troops leave the Suez Canal zone next Monday.

Dockers

By CLAUD COCKBURN

IN case you are the kind of girl who is unhappy unless classifying people, getting them in categories and such-like, you should take a quick gander at the pink champagne situation, key to Britain's industrial scene.

Get this straight:

There are people who like drinking pink champagne.

There are people who do not themselves drink it but take pleasure in the news that others are so doing.

This second lot has to be divided into two categories. We shall call them A and—after the customary declaration that the character is purely fictitious

and has no reference to anyone living or dead, so do not attempt to bring a libel action—B.

The A-chaps enjoy the news. It cheers them up. And before you know where they are, where they are is loitering round the Daimler sales-rooms pricing the cars and getting ambitions which may put the balance of payments in trim.

The B-men get an immediate feeling in their stomachs. They say—and, of course, they may be right—that pink champagne and the Welfare State are incompatible. If elected to the nation's Parliament they spend the morning

reading the papers to see whether anyone has been drinking pink champagne and, in the evening, ask questions about it.

Getting down to cases, in case you have so far failed to realize that that is what we have been doing since the outset, we get this Docker situation, which, you had better believe, is going to get more so rather than less so as the proxies wax and wane in the scented dusk of one more English boardroom.

Professor Stoltz von der Goltz of Stuttgart, in his study of "Dockerismus in its Relations to the Totality of the British Un-War Mentality and its Consequences, with Special Reference to the Yacht Complex," has stated that the history of the Docker family's publicity affords an accurate picture of the British public mind during the changing years.

I yield to no man in my respect for the Professor's sagacity, and when he says that whereas in 1946 it was virtually treasonable to have a yacht, and an offence against the State to drink pink champagne, within a few years these activities became praiseworthy and were thought to be producing a lot of dollars for a lot of Daimler cars, I think he has something.

Even then there were, as you recall, a number of what I have referred to earlier as B-chaps who caused the Dockers some trouble. It seemed to seem that Sir Bernard was so needy that he needed to pick up a couple of francs by acting in a manner which made other British tourists of that austere period feel that he must certainly be a very unethical man—otherwise why hadn't they been able to do whatever it was he was alleged to have done?

To this day, as I am given to understand by a man who knows a man, Lady Docker believes that it was the fact that she side-swiped some Monegasque OGPU-ist which set people nattering. This is incorrect. A lot of people wanted—and is that so very unnatural?—to lay hands on Sir Bernard's positions of power and affluence long before that.

But slapping people in the Casino is like pink champagne—you have to realize that a lot of people are going to shoot their eyebrows into the top of



"What by whom off whom for how many?"

their foreheads saying "Stands British Business where it did?"

Those of them who are in the Casino at the moment of the episode will shoot them even further—because they are there solely for the purpose of showing the flag, getting away from it all so as to be able to see the future course of British industry and finance plotted clearly before them in a manner impossible amid the daily cares and routine of the City.

They want, in fact, to make clear that whereas they were at the Casino for estimable reasons—often unwillingly—the Dockers appeared to be actually *enjoying themselves*. Not quite the type we want on the Board.

The yacht business didn't do more than push Sir Bernard off the Board of the Midland Bank. But it gave quite a lot of other people ideas. (I forget who got the Midland job—but I'm willing to bet that if he drinks pink champagne he draws the curtains first.)

The latest affair, in which some men have felt it their duty to the nation to throw Sir Bernard off the Board of B.S.A., is somewhat more serious. So serious, in fact, that a Soviet Spy called either Pestoff or James J. Brown, has reported to Khrushchev—in a twenty-five-thousand-word document shortly to be issued by the U.S. State Department—that *l'affaire Docker* is the most important thing in British public life.

"Would draw attention," says Pestoff-Brown, "to interesting aspects of collective leadership of B.S.A. Is proof that British business people are opposed to publicity and look askance at happiness in any form—particularly in the form of marriage."

I doubt whether Pestoff-Brown really got very much information in the course of his researches, because the fact is that in matters of this kind almost everyone tends to get into bed with his hat on and ask for an extra blanket.

The people who have objected to Lady Docker wearing a costly dress to go with a gold-plated Daimler—they thought, probably, a simple cotton frock would have been more suitable and more in accord with the British ideology and spirit—are saying absolutely nothing.

(They had been practising saying nothing for quite a while before the Board meeting, after which they forgot to tell anyone that the Dockers had, as a

matter of fact, paid for the rig-out when it turned out that neither the Treasury nor the Company were going to do so.)

I had hoped that Sir Bernard himself would be more communicative. It was not so.

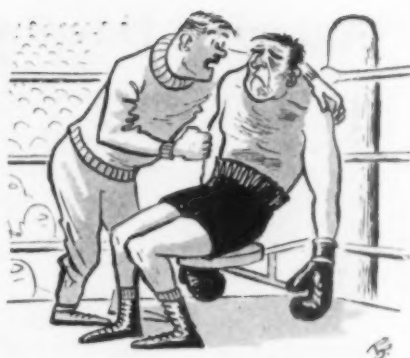
In a very un-pink-champagne suite of offices in Davies Street, W.1, he talked about, more or less, the weather—between moments of running downstairs to another suite of apartments where Lady Docker was in trouble alternately with brutes who wanted to ask questions and an astounding pile of mail from A-boys who wished her well.

Since Lady Docker regards it as her duty never to say anything which does not contain a reference to the Daimler car—quite a sound job, I understand, though beyond the means of many—she often finds it difficult to frame her replies to questioners.

In an office beyond what seemed to be a bronze bust of Sir Bernard Docker and some portraits of what are probably Sir Bernard's forbears, Sir Bernard himself sat fairly mumchance—he does not want to tell anyone anything until he has told the B.S.A. shareholders all.

Snooping about among the underlings one gathers that the all, when it comes, will be quite something.

However, closely cross-examined on the situation in which so many millions



"You've got him worried—I happen to know he's read Dr. Summerskill's book."

and so many products of our industry are involved, Sir Bernard did go so far as to state that the reason he was unable to say anything much about the personalities and motives of those who—temporarily at least—have ousted him from the Board (there seems to have been a lot of fine print in that contract which Sir Bernard probably ought to have read a little earlier) was that neither he nor members of the public seemed to have heard much about these personalities until just now.

"On the other hand," said he, "my wife and I do seem somehow to have been heard about. When we realized that—perhaps because we are both millionaires—we were bound to be in for a good deal of publicity we decided that what we must do to use this publicity worthily was to employ it on behalf of the Company."

Cross-questioned again about the latest events, which have the City and the Midlands on their ear, Sir Bernard reluctantly mentioned a couple of episodes.

Some of them sounded a little fierce to me, but Sir Bernard, his hand reaching for the telephone to reassure Lady Docker, and his cigar wagging comfortably, said that there was one thing which had made him very happy.

He had received a letter from one of those who had—in the public interest of course—pushed him off the Board, stating that there was "nothing personal about it."

"That," said Sir Bernard, "is the kind of statement which in the old days would have been considered good enough for Punch."



"I'm sorry, Lady Docker, but third-class has been abolished."

America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT is pretty generally agreed that we are living—as of even date—in the times that try men's souls, and it is interesting, as one surveys the American scene, to note the steps which the various states are taking to cope with them. Each has its own method. Thus, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the populace was conscious recently of a great wave of relief, for they knew that even if a hostile power were to start unloading unpleasant things from the skies above America they at least would be sitting pretty. They have just passed a law making it illegal for any aviator "to drop a bomb while flying over the city without leave from the city commission," and it is very improbable that such permission would be given a foreign foe.

In Wisconsin, on the other hand, they fortify themselves somewhat differently. Reports from there reveal that last year Wisconsin—men, women and children all pulling together—drank 1,025,739,909 bottles of beer. It worked splendidly. After about the 25,739,909th bottle they simply stopped caring. "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" was the slogan one heard on all sides, though in one or two instances the words were a little slurred.

In New York State, or at any rate in the city of New York, about the only thing that is worrying people is how to get theatre tickets. This has been the biggest theatrical season within human

memory, and if you want to see something like *My Fair Lady* you will have to unbelt about thirty pounds per person. Even the Off Broadway shows have been doing capacity, and their box office men have taken on the austere aloofness which is such a feature of box office men who have a hit in the Times Square neighbourhood. A lady in Farmingdale, N.J., recently wrote to the 4th Street Theatre, where *Uncle Vanya* is playing to such excellent business. Her letter read:

Please send four tickets at \$4 for any Saturday evening. Cheque for \$16 enclosed.

To which she received the reply:

There are no \$2 seats on Saturday evenings.

She then wrote:

Please re-read my letter and cheque.

The 4th Street Theatre riposted:

There are still no \$2 seats on Saturday evenings.

Passions run hot in Farmingdale, N.J. The lady came back with a stinker:

I cannot understand the difficulty here. I asked for four seats at \$4 each. I enclosed a cheque for \$16. Four times four are sixteen. Nobody wants \$2 seats, asked for them or sent a cheque for them. Please send me the tickets.

Did this rattle the 4th Street Theatre box office man? Did he blush and

shuffle his feet? No, *sir*. His letter in reply read as follows:

So that there is no further difficulty, we have no \$2 seats on Saturday evenings.

The moral, of course, is don't go and see *Uncle Vanya*. I wouldn't myself on a bet.

If you stay at home and watch television you are not much more on velvet, unless you happen to be fond of commercials. The chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, which has been conducting an inquiry into TV, revealed recently that viewers now get three minutes of entertainment and twelve minutes of commercials in each quarter of an hour in which their eyes are glued to the screen. One is reminded of the story of the school teacher who talked to his class about keeping the mind as clean as the body, and by way of driving home his point held up a cake of soap.

"Now comes the commercial," whispered one young scholar to his neighbour.

Whether you would be interested in the vicissitudes of Charles D. Aitchison, a George Washington University student, I don't know, but here is the story for what it is worth. He was hard at work the other day writing a thesis on the subject of manholes, warning the public to be careful not to fall into them. It was a thirsty job, and he decided to step out to the drugstore for an ice cream soda. He never got there. On his way there he fell into a manhole. (I warned you it wasn't much of a story.)

Crime continues to flourish, but it is a chancy business. You never know when something may not go wrong. Last week some bandits set out to rob a bank, which of course involved a lot of overhead in the way of masks, tommy-guns and so on. They dashed up to the bank in their car, dashed up the steps, and were about to dash through the door when they saw posted up on it the notice: CLOSED WEDNESDAYS.

That, I think, is about all this week, except for that business about gondolas on the lake in Central Park. It was proposed to install eight of them, but one of the City Fathers, a thrifty man, said: "Why buy eight? Why not buy two and let Nature take its course?"





"I've just thought: isn't that paper which told us to travel at night on little-known by-ways supposed to have five million readers?"

A Case for Urgent Action

By H. F. ELLIS

A VAN was drawn up, one late April evening, outside a small house some two miles out of Malmesbury. The time was just on 9.30 p.m., and my car's head-lights illuminated the legend

T. JOHNSTON

RADIO AND TELEVISION

boldly inscribed on the side of the van. Up on the roof of the cottage, dimly outlined against the night sky, the crouching figure of a man could just be descried. It was clear that he was doing something to the TV aerial.

Such a scene, instantaneously

registered on the eye's retina as the car fled onwards through the darkness, could not but give rise to a variety of conflicting emotions. The drama of it! Down below, one may be sure, the family were sitting in a tense semi-circle before their blank screen, struck dumb by the sudden blow that fate had dealt them, with nothing to do but wait and hope as the minutes ticked away; while up above T. Johnston's mechanic—perhaps T. Johnston himself—stroved with fingers numbed by the keen night air to bring light and love and laughter back into that stricken home. And

"Sportsview" due to start in less than a minute and a half! Only a man of stone could fail to be moved by the implications of that momentary vision: the aerial's dumb arms half-raised to the inky sky as though in protest or surrender; the crouching figure, perilous, indomitable, careless of the hour. Man struggling with Rods and Wire—only the chisel of a Barbara Hepworth might hope to catch the essence of the scene.

I drove on, refreshed and strengthened. One could not tell, of course, without impertinent inquiry, at what time the call for aid had gone out to T. Johnston. But it seemed scarcely likely, unless the fault were unusually deep-seated, that it could have been before closing-time. There was little room for doubt that this excellent man was prepared to leave the comfort and security of home—had perhaps even given his private telephone number to his customers for that very purpose—in order to bring succour to those in serious trouble. One cannot altogether despair of human nature so long as such deeds are done.

But as the miles fled by, my thoughts grew darker. What of those beyond the range of the beneficence of T. Johnston—and of others like him, if such there be? There must be millions to whom a breakdown in the evening hours spells irredeemable disaster. Tubes and valves, as I understand it, may pack up at any time, even at eight o'clock on a Monday with "What's My Line?" just starting. Is nothing to be done for the innocent victims of such sudden catastrophes, cut off by the caprice of chance from all they hold most dear? Has the Government no plan? By Chippenham—not, of course, an oath: I mean by the time I had reached Chippenham—my blood was boiling. As the sausage factory at Calne shimmered for a magical moment in my headlights, the dim outlines of an idea began to form in my mind.

The problem (of which, as a non-TV user, I confess I had been unaware until the apparition of T. Johnston brought it so vividly home) is one that brooks no delay. Television is not a luxury but a necessity of life. It is on the cost-of-living index. It is the staple of conversation, day in day out, for millions. Homes are broken up because of it. The people have a right to view;



"Oh, non-vintage, I think—we only want it for throwing out of windows."

more, they have an imperative need for it. If television were to cease to-morrow "for good" as the misleading phrase goes, tens of thousands would die. Every breakdown in transmission or reception means a "little death," perhaps the beginning of a neurosis. Regularity, here as elsewhere, is the secret of healthy living. Doctors aver that, once the habit is established, severe nervous lesions are likely to follow even a few hours' deprivation. Addicts cut off from their regular shot of Lady Barnett or Sir Mortimer Wheeler take to drink or drugs instead. What has come to be known in medical circles as "Grove deficiency" produces easily recognizable frustration-symptoms in families with unreliable sets.

Spurred on by such reflections as these, my mind leapt forward to the obvious, the only solution. It was, I remember, as I swung out of Marlborough and set the great limousine at the hill that leads to Savernake Forest that I saw clearly what must be done. The whole business of repair and maintenance of TV sets must be nationalized, preferably as a branch of National Health. I saw no other way of ensuring a dependable all-night service. Failure to turn out in response to an urgent call must be visited with severe fines. Mechanics who carelessly fit a new condenser when radical re-wiring is patently the proper remedy must be struck off the register. The institution of legal proceedings against State employees who leave pliers or other foreign bodies inside the instrument must be greatly facilitated. Our best brains in electronics must be available to all, irrespective of privilege or income.

All this will cost money. But it occurred to me, on the outskirts of Newbury, that a further increase in the price of telegrams would be a popular way of raising the necessary funds, since nobody now sends the things. Or the deficit on the existing Health Service could be increased. Some sacrifice is well worth while to ensure that the people of this country, however impoverished, can stretch out comfortably in front of their sets of an evening in the knowledge that their well-being, so far as human ingenuity can assure it, is assured throughout the whole of the viewing period.

Of course there will be the usual pettifogging objections. It will be said



that people will abuse the service, that they will not scruple to summon experts late at night merely to adjust the focus or even to switch off. "What of it?" I asked myself angrily, when nearing (I think) Woolhampton. Better that a thousand experts be dragged from their firesides than that a single member of the public should miss an edition of "Panorama." We shall never as a nation restore our export

trade and double our standard of living unless we acquire a sense of proportion and learn to put first things first.

I was brooding some way beyond Reading, on the possibility of supplying television sets for one shilling down plus a doctor's certificate renewable every six months, when I ran out of petrol, and couldn't find an open garage for miles. There seems to be a case for urgent action here. . . .

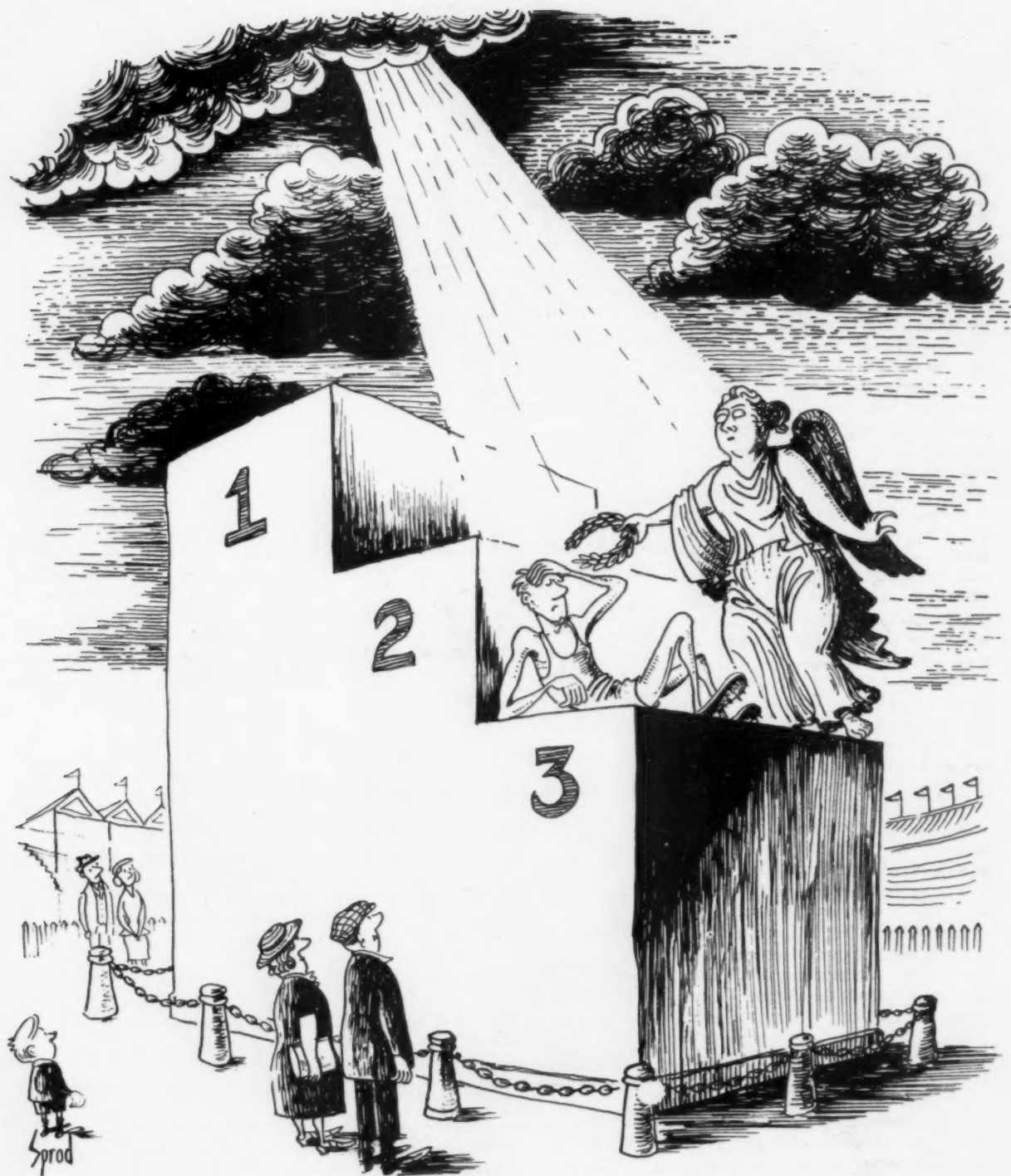
The Mock-Automaton's Song

"WILL you work a little faster?" said the Management to Labour,
 "There are rivals close behind us playing Beggar (*sic*) My Neighbour.
 See how eagerly the Workers out of every other Nation
 (And especially the Russians) have accepted Automation.
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you show co-operation?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you try to save the situation?"

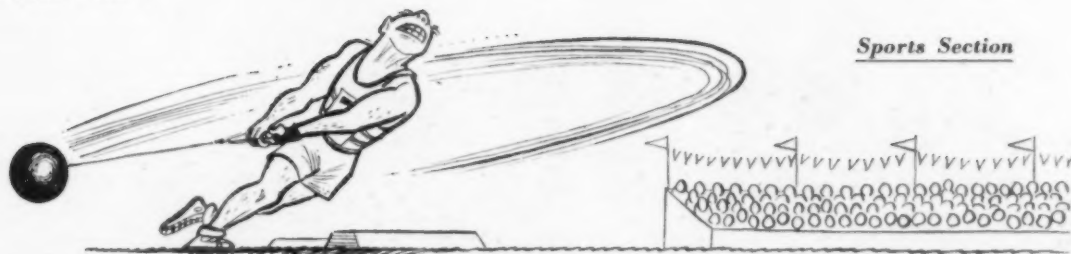
"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be;
 You'll have more and more of everything—Time, Money and TV."
 But the Workers answered "Yeah?" and then, by way of peroration,
 Said they thanked the Bosses kindly but that, for their information,
 No, they would not, could not, would not (even after arbitration),
 Would not, could not, would not, could not give consent to Automation.

"What matter if you lose your jobs?" the Management replied,
 "There are twenty thousand others from Southampton to the Clyde;
 The further off from Birmingham the nearer to salvation—
 So fear not then, beloved men, to change your habitation.
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, after due consideration,
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, give a chance to Automation?"

E. V. MILNER



Monument to the gallant British loser



How to Beat the Tote

By ALEX ATKINSON

EVEN without taking into consideration the outcome of the game of solo I played with three strange men in a train from Doncaster in September 1938 after Scottish Union had won the St. Leger I find that after a lifetime of devotion to the Flat I am exactly one pound seventeen and two-pence down, and if that isn't an achievement worth commemorating I don't know what is. I therefore propose to divulge my System, which was passed on to me by an old punter who had decided to switch to Russian Roulette. It has several advantages over all other systems, being fool-proof, scientific, difficult to operate, crammed with interest for young and old, portable, capable of translation into almost any language, and guaranteed to show results. Moreover, I don't ask you to send me any money, unless you insist. Cut it out now, and keep it by you. You may have reason to thank me: I'll tell you the reason presently.

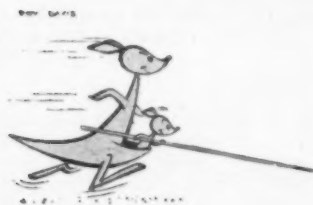
THE SYSTEM

On any day, at any principal meeting, take any non-Handicap of one and a half miles or less, except at Newmarket, with seven or more declared runners but fewer than fifteen, in which the favourite has a probable starting price of less than 100-30 but more than 13-8, except at Alexandra Park, and in which the top weight is carrying less than 9 stone 4 but more than 6 stone. Any

horse in such a race which was first or second last time out, except at Ascot, and second, third, fourth or fifth the time before that, unless ridden by D. Smith, and which is quoted at not less than 3-1, and which has had more than four outings this season, except between June 30 and August 1, and whose sire won three or more races worth £500 or less (except sellers) as a four-year-old and is not engaged at the same meeting, and which is not a three-year-old running in a race other than a race for three-year-olds, except at Hurst Park, is the selection. (Ignore if horse is bottom weight and was placed first last time out, or if top weight and going is hard, or if drawn between 1 and 5 and course is a left-handed circuit, or if wind is blowing across course at last furlong, except at Chester.) If no selection is revealed, take any Handicap of five, six or seven furlongs precisely (except at Boge 2, Lincoln, Chepstow, Newbury, Redcar, Rugby or Crewe) with six or more probable starters, in which the favourite's S.P. is shown as more than 7-2. Any horse in such a race which was first or second last time out, second the time before that, fourth the time before that (except at Goodwood), and first, second or unplaced the time before that, is the selection. (Ignore if a four-year-old carrying top weight, a three-year-old carrying bottom weight, a two-year-old, a filly trained in Ireland, or a five-year-old and over. Also ignore if carrying more than 6 stone 4 and less than 8 stone 2, less than 7 stone 1 and more than 6 stone 3 [unless placed first, second or third last time out when carrying exactly 8 stone and not favourite if the distance was 7 furlongs and is now 5 or 6 furlongs, unless wet]. Also ignore if first or second favourite, unless ridden by Smith, Smith, Snaith or Charlie Smirke, except at Pontefract.) If still no

selection is revealed, take a horse which is napped by any four of the following: Robin Goodfellow, the Scout, Gimcrack, Peter O'Sullivan, Augur, *The Times* Newmarket correspondent (except at Epsom), Hotspur, Ajax, Solon, Falcon, James Park, or the man next door. If this horse has had more than one outing this season, and the S.P. is shown as 11-10 or less, and there are no more than four probable starters, this is the selection. (Ignore if at Brighton or Sandown Park; if the race is a Seller, an Apprentices' race, a classic, or a weight-for-age race in which the top weight carries more than 8 stone; if the horse was first last time out over a shorter distance unless carrying 10 lb. more; if the distance is more than 1½ miles, or 5 furlongs precisely except in a two-year-old race; or if you have any doubts.)

During the whole of last season three selections were indicated. Of these the first won by five lengths at 6-1 and was disqualified for interference, the second ate part of a woman's hat in the Paddock and never came under Starter's orders, and the third romped home at 100-6 and I forgot to back it. I can therefore assure you that this System, if followed regularly and exclusively, will stop you losing far more than you could ever hope to win without it, on all courses except at Wolverhampton.





Now then, What's all this?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

WHEN you think of the policeman shortage it's surprising how many officers can be spared for cricket duty. Whether it's Hove, Lord's or Worcester, there they are, in smart, moist detachments, somehow managing to suggest that if they sometimes catch a purely recreational glimpse of the play it is only by accident: that, they seem to say, is not what they are there for.

What are they there for?

No one seems to know. Before the match begins they may hang around the turnstiles, vigilant for a bit of counterfeit admission money. Later, should the fielding captain order a dog off the pitch, they perhaps back him up with an official wave of the arm. But it's seldom they swoop with the bracelets on third slip, astutely identify the square-leg umpire as a bigamist on the run, or indeed do anything else that might earn space in a Chief Constable's annual report.

What they do chiefly, in my experience, is stand between me and a sensational catch at silly point, which is

hardly in the tradition of the British policeman as a friend of the citizen. Looking back, I should say that my only really hard feelings towards the Force have swept over me during dramatic moments at cricket matches. A great cry goes up, and a wicket has fallen in a way that all present will bore their grandchildren with. All, that is, but me. All I saw was a wicket-keeper's glove, peeping round an expanse of constabulary blue.

This isn't good enough. Rather than add to the frustrations of the spectator these officers should be active to remove the nuisances besetting him already. In the confidence that a collaboration between the Home Office and the M.C.C. may soon result in supplementary Laws of the Game, with powers for enforcement, I venture a few random suggestions below.

Score Cards

Vendors of score cards shall submit to a voice test. Sheer penetrative

quality shall not necessarily qualify. Their cries shall be pitched in a variety of keys, thus reducing strain on any single part of the public ear-drum.

During periods of high dramatic action on the field, actual vending shall be suspended.

In reaching customers, vendors shall at all times take reasonable care not to juxtapose their waistcoats, sleeves or feet to the face of any non-purchaser.

Deportment of Juveniles

Parents or guardians shall ensure that no child

- (a) rolls screaming down grassy slopes
- (b) levels firearms at fieldsmen, shouting "Bang, you're dead!"
- (c) causes any sweetmeat or other confection to adhere to the clothes of spectators
- (d) traverses the field of play with windmill or other wind-driven toy
- (e) is sick
- (f) climbs standing spectators, unless they be relatives or friends.

Humorists

No person, whether trader or spectator, shall set himself up as public jester, or attract by word, dress or behaviour attention properly directed to the Game. This provision shall cover the wearing of partisan or other

grotesque headgear, excepting always newspaper hats against sunstroke.

Comments on the play, especially in the form of wit known as Cockney, may at need be suppressed by force.

Public Address System

Should a public address system be installed on the Ground the speaker shall restrict himself to announcements of undoubted relevance. Whimsical observations on the mien or accoutrements of lost children shall be an offence, as shall the reading of lucky ticket numbers, or periodic invitations to spectators to join the Club on whose Ground the Match is taking place.

Attention shall not be called to the availability of refreshments.

At any Match coincident with Association Football matches elsewhere, announcements of progress or results in such matches shall be punishable by death.

Refreshments

Approved refreshments sites shall be permitted provided always that the lessees, other than between overs or innings, shall not

- (a) crash about with crates of empties
- (b) scream between cupped hands "Edna, we're out of lime!"
- (c) eject drunkards on to the actual Field of Play.

Radio Receivers

Portable receivers, whether receiving or not, are an offence.

Spectators prevented by age, weight or indolence from leaving their cars, but watching from the car-park, shall not audibly relay broadcast commentaries, whether of other Cricket Matches or no. On infringement, spectators, car and set shall be impounded, or the spectators lynched, whichever be the greater.

One thing I hesitate to propose, because it is not for the police alone. It would be necessary to gain the good will of the Air Ministry's provost branch. But something simply has to be done about the distraction of aircraft permanently circling the ground just so that they can boast to Flying Control that they have "seen the Australians." At Arundel this year I missed Hutton's duck (Hawker Hunter), Langley stumping Insole (some helicopter or other), and Hutton catching Harvey (Gloster Javelin).

Surely the R.A.F. is no more attenuated than the police force? It ought to be possible, during the few summer months at any rate, to release a small fighter patrol to shoot down these pests.



The Real Thing

I HEARD an old man saying, where the older chestnut trees
Like heavy fountains from pools of their own shadow spring,
As he watched a cricket match ending between two villages,
"It isn't the real thing."

And I thought of the Real Games from beyond the ultimate West
(Except Real Golf, which is played in the islands beyond the North)
Platonic Ideas of sport, of which our games are at best
A flimsy shadowing forth.

Real Tennis is fallen, an exile, though it still retains in places
The dignified golden haze of those halls where all day long
Japanese heroes are playing, with warrior-caste grimaces,
Real, or Proper, Ping-pong.

And there there is Real Cricket, beyond my powers of explaining;
It involves three creases, a wall and quarter-runs, and for these
They have terms undreamed-of by Cardus. There are also old men complaining
Under the chestnut trees.

PETER DICKINSON

GREAT DAY OF SPORT

AUSTRALIANS OUTSMART PETER

Recall Jardine Demand

By Cricket Reporter Bill Gooch

NOW that the doped orangeade row has ended with a humiliating apology from M.C.C., cricket took a sharp upswing yesterday as England's skipper for once called correctly and elected to bat on an easy-paced wicket.

But once again namby-pambyism and lack of the will-to-win were glaringly demonstrated by the home team before a ball had been bowled. While our opening pair stood helplessly by, ruthless Ian Johnson deliberately arranged and rearranged his field until the sun had got round into umpire Jackson's eyes. Then he gave the ball to Lindwall, there was a concerted appeal, and that was that.

Bamboozled

Unfair tactics? By no means. England have only themselves to blame for the grim position in which they find themselves. Had they claimed the match, under Law 45

(cont'd on p. 16)

TRAGIC MISHAP AT WIMBLEDON

Fresh from her triumphs at Cleethorpes and Weston-super-mare, Phyllis Treadmill fell heavily during the second set of her eagerly awaited clash with Susan Brody on Court No. 7 here today. Though obviously shaken she gamely continued, and managed to reach deuce in the fourth game. But the accident put paid to her hopes of entering the third round.

RESULT. Miss P. Treadmill (G.B.) lost to Mrs. S. Brody (U.S.A.) 0-6, 0-6.

NABOBS OF WATER POLO AT BAY

That all was not well with British water polo has been an open secret

**Cut This Out
TO WIN A BAT**

SHAMATEURS OF WELSH BADMINTON

Congratulations to Paddy Finch, Droxford's inside-right, on his appointment as manager of a leading Southern League club. "They tried to wriggle out of it", he told me, "but I wasn't having any." Paddy has been with Droxford for eighteen years and takes with him

for many months. Rumbings have been heard from public baths in the provinces as well as in London. With the Olympic Games in prospect, some frank talking is expected when the Association holds its annual meeting to-morrow at Herne Bay.

UMPIRE'S DEATH FALL

From page One

wicket. Foul play, according to the police, is not suspected.

SPORTSGOSSIP

BADMINTON

ill-feeling and questionable tactics. The matter is to be discussed at St. Andrews next week.

SHUTTLECOCKPIT

Feathers flew at Lillangollen last Friday when Mr. Ivor Davies, re-

by one of Hungary's crack athletes during yesterday's best ever three miles at the White City. Chataway himself, denying the story, stated: "Nobody pulled my nose, or obstructed me in any way. Rzchoj won because he ran faster than I did."

But Chris, who was rounding a bend at the time, was not in the best position to see what happened. From my seat in the press box I had little doubt that he was seriously fouled and would, but for the incident, have gone on to win by a nose of normal length. As it was, with his eyes filled with tears, he was unable to hear the bell and consequently mistimed his run-in.

Nasal Manœuvres

The pole vault was won by R. Nej (Czechoslovakia) with a leap of 14 ft. 0½ ins., a new world's best for Czechs competing at the White City.

SHABBY TROUSERS SCANDAL AT CROQUET FINAL

British sporting prestige, at a low ebb ever since the Helsinki fiasco when the blazers supplied to our Olympic representatives proved to have aluminium-alloy buttons, plunged to a new nadir at Roehampton yesterday.

The Rev. F. Fernbrass, representing England in a Mixed Doubles match against the well turned-out Argentine team, split his trousers in attempting a nine-yard roquet and had to leave the lawn. Picture on page ten.

WARNED OFF

After undergoing a saliva test, A. Birnbaum has been warned off all British watercourses until further notice, according to an announcement issued by the Stewards of the Leander Club at Henley this afternoon. Earlier, Birnbaum was beaten by the Belgian sculler Harouche by fifteen lengths.

DEARER FLOUR

Flour will be dearer from next Tuesday.

Bishop Attacks Mixed Hockey

Allegations of improper tackling made in his m-



"Golly! I've gone as
Ian Johnson at 100 to

SHROPS DEBAC

Outstanding incident: play at Ludlow in a delib. Jenkinson who after an up- ion by a section of the h was drenched by a buck cold tea.

Repercussions are lik. Interviewed afterward' had no wish to ma; only an ebulliton o could not be responsi. taliatory measures that clubmates. He appear as stunned.



The scene at

RESULTS at SCORE

Lancashire 118
Mrs. S. Duveen w.o. N
(Egypt) scr.
Wilts. v. C 11. Ra

Cartwright on Cricket

By OLIVIA MANNING

MY husband Cartwright is said to have been a notable cricketer. Although a modest enough man, he has said it himself. He has never been sufficiently in training to make a century, but he did once knock up ninety-eight.

These memorable times seemed to have passed before we were married. I am not a watcher of games. When I am persuaded to see Cartwright perform, it seems to me he spends most of the time standing about in a remote corner of the field. He tells me he is there in the hope someone will hit a ball in that direction so he can catch it. If he is not there, he is sitting on a bench. When his turn comes at the wicket, he retires to the dressing-room and emerges massive in white, armoured in gloves and pads, carrying a bat. He makes his way to the stumps. He stands before them. He presses the crease with his bat. The air is hushed. A ball is sent down. He strikes out. His bails

fly into the air. He returns to the dressing-room.

Once when I asked him "What happened?" he replied "I failed to hit it."

Cartwright gives many reasons for this falling-off of his powers. Among them are over-work and mental strain. I feel there may be significance in a statement he made once, unguardedly, in company, that the best part of the game was the discussion that followed from close of play to closing time.

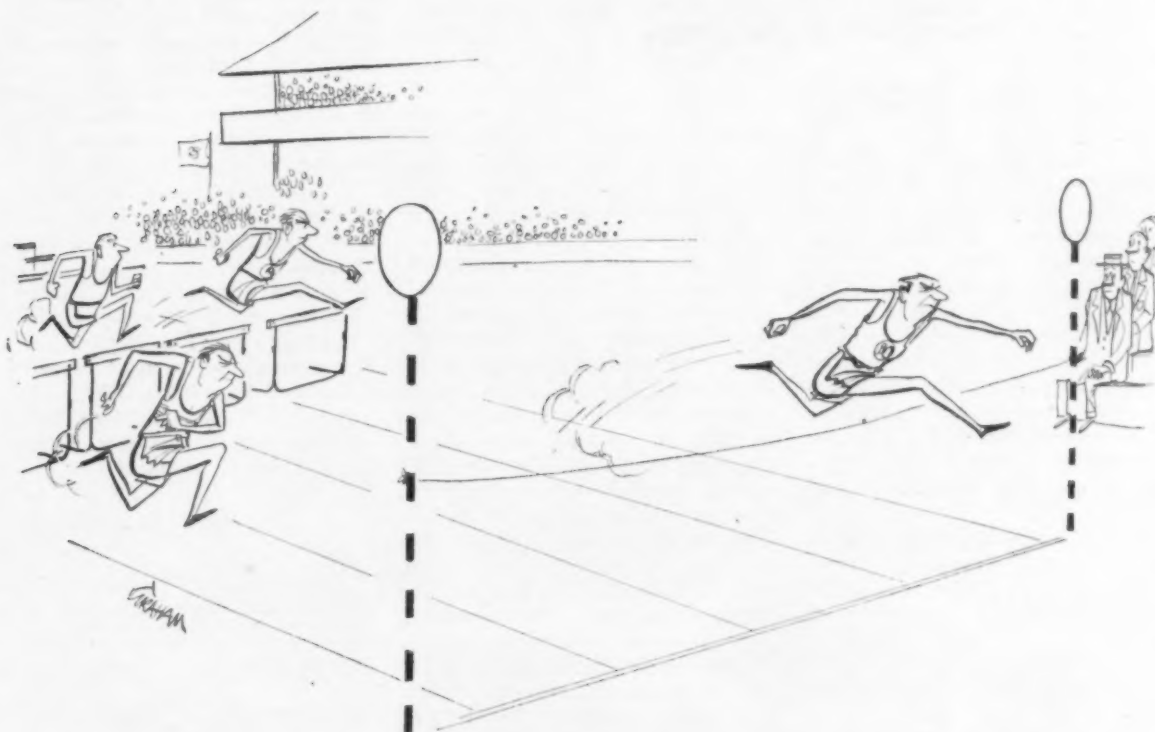
Whatever the reason for it, he claims it is merely temporary. Next year things will be different. He will spend the winter at the nets. He will diet. He will give up beer. It is just a question of getting his weight down and his form up.

This standing about in fields seems to me a waste of time. Cartwright says if it is time wasted, it is time wasted in the best possible cause. He will go anywhere to waste it in that way.

One wet Sunday in August he went

to Preston to play for the Television Eleven against a hospital staff. The Friday before that we had moved into a new flat. When the move took place Cartwright had been too busy to do more than give orders that his books—three thousand, eight hundred and seventy-three in number—should be transported with especial care. No one should unpack them but himself. He alone knew how they should be placed in the shelves. The removal men, however, were not willing to leave their packing-cases until Cartwright had time to unpack them. They tipped the books in a pyramid in the middle of the sitting-room floor, leaving no space for anything else. Tables, chairs, desks and other things were stacked in the kitchen and hall. The flat looked like a furniture repository.

Cartwright spent Saturday lecturing at a week-end school in Hertfordshire. When he appeared, late on Saturday night, I said "Darling, I hope you'll





be free to-morrow to get these books out of the way."

"I won't," he replied, "I'm going to Preston to play cricket for the Television Eleven."

"Why on earth should you play for Television?"

"Because they were short of a man. I must go. I'm indispensable."

"No one's indispensable. You must stay and give me a hand."

"It's impossible. The patients will be watching the match. I can't disappoint them."

The other members of the team were driving up to Preston the evening before. Cartwright, prevented by his lecture from joining them, had to find his own way there next morning.

He rose at six o'clock. The sky looked heavy with rain. He said he had no time for breakfast. He dressed hurriedly and set out for Euston. He had made no inquiries about times of trains, having more faith in his own instinct concerning them than in railway guides or inquiry offices. There was always some sort of a train to the North. The thing was to get under way.

At Euston he found the first train to Preston left at 10 o'clock. He became indignant. Surely there must be earlier trains? Wasn't Preston a centre of industry? Weren't industrial magnates always travelling up there?

"Not on Sunday," said the booking clerk.

There is one thing that Cartwright

will never do, and that is wait. If there is no bus when we reach the bus stop, he insists on walking to the next stop. The bus usually passes us mid-way. Cartwright had to get away from Euston as soon as possible. The best thing the clerk could offer him was a train to Rugby at 8 o'clock. Cartwright decided to take it. From Rugby, Preston would be no distance at all. He passed the time with six Sunday papers and a cup of tea.

When he arrived at Rugby, soon after ten-thirty, he found the Preston train had left at nine-forty. There would not be another until twelve-fifteen. Cartwright asked the time of the next train to anywhere. A porter offered him Peterborough at eleven-ten. Cartwright looked at a map of England and decided against Peterborough. The porter, no doubt supposing from Cartwright's manner that the situation was a desperate one, told him he could take a bus to Coventry which he should reach in time to catch the express from Oxford. Cartwright leapt at this suggestion. He had the good fortune to catch the Coventry bus just as it was moving off. The bus journey took a surprisingly long time. He began to fear he might miss the Oxford-Preston express. His fears were groundless. When he reached Coventry no one at the station knew of any express coming from Oxford, or from anywhere else, that day. Then what trains were there? asked Cartwright. There was a slow train to

Nuneaton. There he might, if he were lucky, pick up the twelve-fifteen from Rugby. Cartwright went to Nuneaton. The slow train was too slow. It arrived four minutes after the Rugby express had drawn out.

He now bought three more Sunday newspapers and, in a state of seething impatience, waited an hour and twenty minutes before proceeding to Derby, changing en route at Tamworth and Burton-on-Trent.

The match had been due to start at ten a.m. The rain had set in as he left Euston. It fell the more heavily as he went further north. Still, it might not be falling on Preston. And he might still arrive in time to bat.

From Derby he went to Stockport. The train stopped at Duffield, Belper, Matlock, Great Rowsley, Bakewell, Great Longstone, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Whaley Bridge, New Mills and Hazel Grove. At Stockport he was advised to by-pass Manchester and take a local train to Huddersfield. At Huddersfield he went, as evening bleakly fell, to Mirfield, where he picked up a Wakefield-Burnley train that stopped at Brighouse, Elland, Greetland, Sowerby Bridge, Hebden Bridge and Todmorden. At Burnley, where the sky was so dark it might have been any time of day, he felt he was nearly home. If he were last man in, he might just make it. But he missed the Blackburn train. He had to take a bus to Accrington. He reached Preston as night fell.

Shortly after closing time he telephoned me to say he would be coming back by road. He ought to arrive at breakfast time.

"How did the game go?" I asked.

He hesitated an instant, then admitted "Not very well. Rain stopped play a few minutes after the match began."

I said "I knew it would."

"So did I," he said. "But, darling, the chaps were relying on me. I had to come. Cricket is like that."

"Cook-housekeeper starting salary £5 p.w. wanted for bachelor. Sole charge small modernized country house 4 miles Lewes. Maid kept. Modern separate flat provided. Holidays minimum 4 weeks yearly and one day weekly . . . House unoccupied mid-week . . . Car available. Exceptionally happy atmosphere . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*

Any expectations from your will?

Records by Correspondence

By A. B. HOLLOWOOD

"The whole training schedule can be arranged and conducted by correspondence—provided, of course, that the expert in charge is as thorough and as knowledgeable as Franz Stampfl."—British Athlete, contender for a place in the Olympic Games team

WHAT amazes me about the Stampfl scheme is that anyone should suppose that it represents something revolutionary in training methods. For many years I have been advising Britain's leading sportsmen, furnishing them with detailed practice programmes, hints on breathing, diet, relaxation, technique and so on. The lot—and all by correspondence.

When Mr. Stampfl writes to a well-known British miler: "Four x 80 yds., three times daily flat out. Follow with twelve laps at 68 secs. dead. One hour shallow breathing routine after breakfast (thorax pyramid method), deep breathing while waiting for trains, buses, meals, sleep, etc. Five hundred press-ups after tea, with slow leg-raising—sideways and knee-bending quant. suff."—if he does—then Mr. Stampfl is merely adapting the Hollowood

"Coaching by Correspondence" method to meet the needs of modern track athletes.

In my time I have coached Len Hutton, Stanley Matthews, Tony Mottram, Joe Davis, Harry R. Feltin-grove, Gordon Richards, Trevor Bailey, Billy Wright, Denis Compton, Henry Cotton—to mention only a handful of British sporting celebrities. I have also coached Keith Miller, Vladimir Kuc, Sugar Ray Robinson and many other sportsmen from overseas. My method is illustrated very clearly, I think, by this extract from a letter addressed to Denis Compton in February of this year:

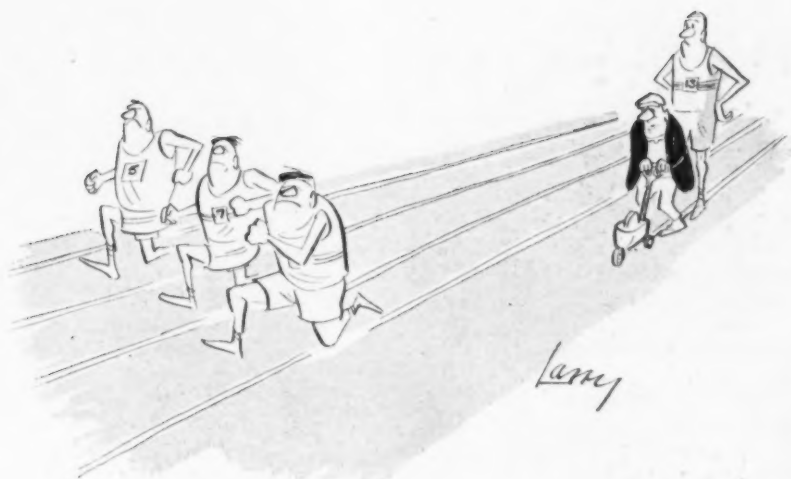
"Naturally, we all *want* to see you playing again; but while I admire your pluck and your faith in the medical profession I cannot honestly hold out much hope for you of a return to complete fitness and the England XI. Knees are the very devil. I have one myself, and it swells up as soon as I look at a cricket bat. Honestly, Denis, it isn't worth all the dieting and anxiety, and I strongly advise you to pack it in. Fortunately, you still have your hair, and with careful attention and treatment

I see no reason why it should not get you back into the ads. in place of Keith Miller. Try ten minutes' steady vibro-brushing (wire of course) four times a day before meals. I favour the two-handed interlocking grip and bold back-to-front rhythmic sweeps, the hair being forced well down over the eyes. Follow with five mins. of scalp massage and a bay-rum bubble shampoo. The final dressing I can safely leave to your commercial loyalties."

To Stanley Matthews I wrote: "You are without doubt *the* wizard of dribble and I have long applauded your ability to wrong-foot the best left-backs in the game. My son, a promising right-half, already has the autographs of Ferenc Puskas, Frank Swift, Nobby Steele and Cliff Bastin and would dearly love to add your name to his collection. Would you be good enough therefore to sign the enclosed copy of the *F.A. Year Book* and return it to me? If you can also spare an England jersey I should of course be most grateful. In return I offer you the following free advice. You are now rather old as foot-ballers go and hardly as nippy on your



"I've lost my nearside flipper."



pins as you used to be. In the circumstances I suggest that you take things easy when congratulating a goal-scorer. Instead of that sudden weakening sprint to throw your arms round his neck in adoration, try nodding approvingly from a distance or giving him the thumbs-up sign. I recommend the former as being more dignified and less wearing. Practise this manoeuvre daily before a mirror."

I had to weigh my words to Trevor Bailey most carefully: "You, sir, are one of the few English cricketers who play the Aussies at their own game. You play to win and very properly concern yourself with the frothier ethics of the game only when a match is virtually in the bag. Of this I approve. You are, however, in danger of becoming unnecessarily rigid in your attitude to delaying tactics. When playing for time it is admirable policy, I agree, to appeal against the light even on the brightest day; also to call to the pavilion for a new bat when the one in use is perfectly sound. But very respectfully I would suggest that the time has come for you to vary your tactics. Try removing a boot every other over to locate an

imaginary pebble, calling for a certain glucose stimulant, complaining about dazzle from binoculars, television aerials and cucumber sandwiches. Another useful move is to question the sphericity of the ball a few minutes before the luncheon and tea intervals; the resultant consultation always occupies enough time to preclude the possibility and dangers of another over.

"When your great friend Miller is bowling (he *will* be eventually) try backing away from the wicket with a cry of 'Sorry, Keith!' as he reaches the bowling crease. The chances are that the Australian vice-captain will retaliate by sitting down for several minutes. This will produce a storm of booing from the crowd and you will then be entitled to hold up the game until the demonstration has ceased."

My letter to Gordon Pirie urged him to forget the slings and arrows etcetera and get down to the business of preparing for a long summer of competitive journalism. "Anything that you may say, before or after a race, will be taken down in some form or another and used in evidence. It follows, I think, that you should either say nothing at all or deliver

a long, repetitive homily at every interview . . .

Example A:

'Tough luck, Gordon! Will you tell us why you lost, please?'

'I have no statement to make.'

'Did you think that Premptzil caught hold of your vest intentionally in the fifth lap, or did your vest accidentally become enmeshed in his fingers?'

'No statement.'

'Come now, Gord! It looked to me as though you retired after deciding that the opposition lacked class. Right?'

'No comment.'

Example B:

'Tough luck, Gordon! Will you tell us why you lost, please?'

'The chief reason must be that my average velocity was inadequate. It has been demonstrated very convincingly that a runner who is passed at some stage of a race by one or more competitors cannot hope to be judged the winner unless he is able in turn to overtake those who run ahead of him. That so many journalists are unable to decide for themselves why an athlete loses or wins a race must be the result of our out-moded methods of teaching elementary mathematics. Too much time is devoted in the schools to problems in which men start from different points and at different times. It is my considered opinion that preoccupation with these events (which are not recognized by the A.A.A.) robs a writer of the ability to put two and two together and see for himself how a race is decided. In international athletics the runners toe the same line and start to run simultaneously, and the winner—always—is the man who achieves the highest average velocity. For let it be supposed that A, running at 14.72 m.p.h. . . ."

Reading these training schedules through again I have almost decided that they are worth posting.



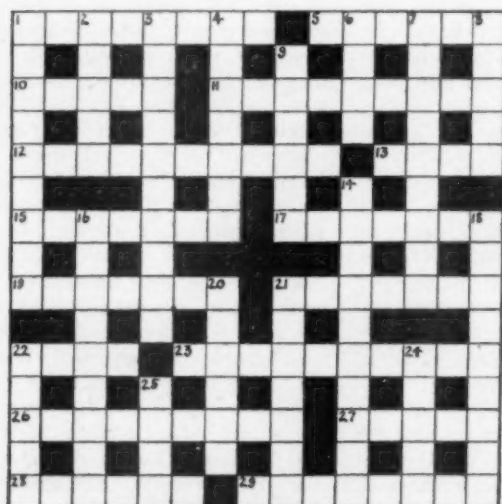


"You, Harrison, any angle on the Princess; you, Watkins, polo on Sunday; and you, Burbridge, the Duke of Kent."

Sports Crossword

ACROSS

1. "Charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool"—Could Bacon have been thinking of this? (8)
5. Our true intent is all for your delight. (6)
10. Team one short? Play an overseas student then. (5)
11. To him the Book of Wisden is far from Apocryphal. (9)
12. Sides fall out, no sin perhaps, but this will inevitably happen. (10)
13. Oarsmen bragged of a short cut, nearly all the way to the junction. (4)



Solution next week

15. Pea time? Hardly, something more substantial. (4, 3)
17. England and Australia before the first Test? (7)
19. Not the adjective used when calling the referee a lot of names. (7)
21. Game ran badly for him, defeated soccer team supporters might say. (7)
22. Flannelled fools? that's just Kipling's stab in the back. (4)
23. "I now will serve more strictly if I may"—but he wasn't thinking of tennis. (10)
26. Save up wisely; the next stop's Kennington Oval. (9)
27. Skittles was his game one day early this season! (5)
28. Mighty like an assistant opponent of Players. (6)
29. Quiet twelfth man worth keeping. (8)

DOWN

1. They'll catch you if they can. (9)
2. Longer than Fives but take less time. (5)
3. Yeats's idea of a sport or pastime. (10)
4. At the start of a set, or at close, though a bit disarrayed then, a great tennis player. (7)
6. "I did speak of some distressful stroke." (4)
7. In the fall a groundsman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of this. (9)
8. Not the way pianists tickle the ivories. (5)
9. King's winner at sport of kings. (6)
14. If they don't amount to imprisoning, may lead to barracking. (10)
16. Vintage Australian (and to hell with Burgundy.) (9)
18. Problem for punters. (4,5)
20. "Break, break, break" probably didn't mean to him what it did to Alfred. (6)
21. E.g. catch-dropper, shot-foozler, miskicker, fault-server. (7)
22. Not enough English to understand a technical report of a baseball match. (5)
24. Fast, low shot. (5)
25. Northern 11 with the heart of a Norseman. (4)



MR. LANGFORD HOLT would make a very good housemaster of the "We must get to the bottom of this" school of thought. Cane in hand, he demanded of Mr. Maudling: Were the nineteen tons of screws sold by his department rusted? "Yes, sir," confessed Maudling, eyes cast down in confusion. "Who rusted them?" asked Mr. Holt. "Was it the War Office or the Ministry of Supply?" Maudling shuffled. It was not a dishonourable shuffle, for it was pretty clear that it was Head who let them rust and Maudling was not going to sneak on Head. But that sort of thing is not good enough for Mr. Holt. "Come, come, Maudling," he said, "kindly give a straight answer

to a straight question." And the upshot is that both Maudling and Head have to go to Mr. Holt's study after prayers. The worst is hoped for.

It was bad luck on Mr. Leslie Hale that he should have chosen Monday's question time to get off a crack against the House of Lords, asking that the Chairman of the National Coal Board should be consulted on how to deal with unproductive units so as to know what to do with their Lordships. As a crack it was quite up to standard, but it so happened that in the debate on the Copyright Bill which followed, Members—and particularly Labour Members—fell over one another in their tributes to the improvements which the Lords had introduced into the bill. It appears—or at least that is the most natural deduction to draw from his argument—that in his very salad days Mr. Anthony Greenwood was photographed in a state of some undress in or on a leopard-skin. Now, according to the bill as it now stands, that photograph will become free for all after twenty-five years. Mr. Greenwood would like it to be held up for fifty. But Mr. Greenwood has the gift of eternal youth. After fifty years the leopard will doubtless, with changing fashions, have begun to date. But Greenwood Anadyomenos will still be before our eyes as fresh as paint, indistinguishable from the bright Apollo who wrapped himself in leopard-skin when all the world was young. The loss will not be his, but has he no pity for us—*morituri salutantes*—who are doomed to die in the interstice between the picture's twenty-fifth and its fiftieth year, and who will never see it?

The general feeling—both of Mr. Greenwood and others—was that if the bill was going to be amended it should be amended so as to give a better crack of the whip to the creators of works of art. Sir Beverley Baxter would have

copyright, like Ol' Man River, rolling on for ever, and if he had his way the heirs of St. Ninian would still be suing the heirs of St. Columba—Mr. Montgomery Hyde was careful to explain that neither candidate was at that time canonized—about that little matter of the pirating of a manuscript in the sixth century. Mr. Walker Smith was in a general way sympathetic to everything. It was a good debate. The House is usually at its best when it is debating something that the journalists cannot understand.

Mr. Aubrey Jones agreed with Mr. McAdden that it may well turn out that mud is an efficient substitute for coal. But if it does we're home. Who wants to be bothered with splitting atoms, if all that we have to do is just to burn Southend?

Then came that weariness of the flesh—two days of the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill. Whatever else may be said against this Finance Bill, there is at least this to be said for it, that it is short. So there were hopes that things might move along quite quickly. But it did not altogether turn out like that. The tobacco concession to old age pensioners took some time. Mr. Tom Brown kicked off with an attractive and reasonable speech but, though there is a lot to be said about the general woes of old age pensioners, there is really no answer to Mr. Macmillan's contention that the whole notion of a tobacco concession is ridiculous—like most ridiculous notions sponsored by all-party agreement. Half the old age pensioners do not smoke and do not use the concession. It would be obvious common sense to cut out the concession altogether and use the money to increase old age pensions all round. But Dr. Horace King wants more than that. He thinks that the tobacco duty is itself absurdly high and expects to see a Pouvajist movement against the price of



Mr. Lennox-Boyd

drinks and smokes. We had thought of and admired Dr. King, that Don Quixote of culture, in many capacities. The notion of him as the Poujade of Itchen is a new one. The tobacconists are, it is true, some way off going on strike and refusing to sell cigarettes. But Dr. King, too, is a man who grows younger with the years; and who knows but that, before he is done, the day may come? When the last smoker has died of cancer and Mr. Henry Brooke has ceased to be Financial Secretary to the Treasury, perhaps we shall still see Dr. King taking his stand on a broken summit of High Barbican to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Sandwiched in between the two finance days was Kenya. Though there were many other important topics to discuss, the heat of the debate was all in the argument about Miss Fletcher and whether the little girls were really eleven or twelve or whether they were older. Doubtless

'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all,
and it is curious that, so long as the British Empire was going on, it was extremely difficult to find any Members of Parliament who took the least interest in its progress. It is only now in the days of its dissolution that it has suddenly become front-page news, and order papers and benches are filled for colonial affairs as they never are on any other occasion. The Government did not come too well out of this debate. Whether Miss Fletcher is in general an entirely fair-minded lady is comparatively irrelevant. The question is whether she is right or wrong about the ages of these girls. At the beginning of the debate Mr. John Hare said that Mr. Lennox-Boyd knew the answer and would give it at the end of the debate. Even in "What's My Line?" they do



Cummings

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

not show the answer to the panel and conceal it from the audience. There might indeed have been other charges to answer before the end of the debate, but it is a little difficult to see why the answer to Miss Fletcher's charges could not have been given straight away.

As for the answer when it came, Mr. Lennox-Boyd said that the Prison Commissioner had got the ages wrong and that the girls were really much older. There was no power to sentence a girl under fourteen. Maybe he was right—how, truth to tell, were either the girls themselves or the Prison Commissioner or anyone else to know what their real ages were? But, if so, it was not very easy to answer Mr. James Johnson's question: "If the authorities

entered their ages as eleven and twelve, then the authorities presumably thought at the time of sentencing that they were eleven and twelve—even if they thought wrong. Did they then not commit what they at any rate thought to be an illegal act?"

"Kenya child jailings horrify even Tories," read the *Daily Worker*. "The Government front bench was thrown into confusion." And it summoned the faithful to a "discussion conference" on How To End the Tory Attacks. The poor boys, what bad luck they do have! For on the same day in Another Place Mr. Khrushchev (Moscow, Conservative) made an official statement. "The Conservatives are fine people," he said. "I am for the Conservatives." Mr. Osborne from the Conservative back bench called on us to imitate the Russian system of taxation. "Public opinion behind the Iron Curtain has changed a great deal," says Mr. Crossman, and Mr. Crossman is always right. In confirmation we append the latest figures of the public opinion poll of their readers conducted by *Pravda*:—

Do you think that Stalin was a traitor and a murderer?

	February	Novo
Yes	0-0	100-0
No	100-0	0-0

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS







In the City

An Alarm Clock on the Platform

THERE is not the slightest sign that the Prime Minister's and the Chancellor's appeals for wage restraint are having effect. Trade unionists have decided apparently that if disaster—as threatened by Mr. Macmillan—is to overtake the British economy they might as well stock up beforehand, improve their differentials before the storm breaks. Claim, inflate, claim and be happy, for to-morrow is another day.

Last year wages and prices bounded ahead at a rate that horrified the economists, the rentier groups, the savings movement, even the Government, but 1956, so far, has proved an even faster track. Between January and April more than ten million workers won pay increases and the national wages bill rose by well over £5 million a week. There has been a seven-point rise in the weekly wage index since December 31, 1955, a sixty-three-point rise since 1947. And wages are still rising faster than prices.

It is becoming daily more obvious that nothing but a brick wall will stop the runaway pantechicon of wages. If the successive rounds of claims are conceded the crash will come with a breakdown in overseas trade: our manufactured goods will be priced out of the world's markets, we shall be unable to pay for essential imports, and the poor old pound sterling will be up for auction everywhere. If the employers and the Government (as the largest boss in the country) dig in their heels and refuse to consider further wage demands there is the possibility that industry will be hamstrung by ruinous strikes. It seems to me incredibly naïve to expect the unions to respond to vague appeals and injunctions from Downing Street: so long as the workers are bargaining in a sellers' market they will accept nothing less than an overweight pound of flesh for their services. Not long ago

we heard a labour leader urging the unions to scrounge as much as possible from the employers and give as little as possible in return. This is not of course a code that the majority of workers would approve, but we still live in an economic and social jungle where Shaw's dictum "To each what he can grab" is the order of the day.

We expect every working unit of industry and commerce to make the most of its opportunities for pecuniary gain, industrialists to sell at the highest price the traffic will bear, lenders to lend at the highest rates procurable, the professions to charge whatever they can get for their services; and it is nonsensical to suppose that organized labour, in response to wordy appeals and warnings, will suddenly discover new wells of altruism.

While employment remains full (and over-full) restraint is out of the question.



In the Country

City Serfs

ONE of the hilarious anomalies of the Welfare State is that it provides such security for those who drudge in cities that they could throw off their shackles and enjoy a life in the country. That they do not do so is proof that automation is not an innovation but long ago absorbed a large part of humanity.

A few centuries from now social historians will ponder without hope of understanding one factor of our life to-day: the voluntary basis of our serfdom. A casual inquiry in any town reveals the fact that at least 60 per cent of the inhabitants are not interested in the job which they are doing, and that the wage they receive merely provides them with the means of doing the work to earn the wage. Like snakes, they devour their own tails and imagine they are being given dinner.

Some day the unions and the Socialists will have to accept the idea of a Wages Council, an extension of the Burnham Committee principle, charged with the duties of determining the rate for the job and fixing and modifying differentials in accordance with the country's economic and social needs. Unhappily it now seems that we shall have to wait for such a move until unrestricted cut-throat competition has made everyone weary of chaos.

Every attempt to improve industrial relations is welcome. A new Ministry of Labour report shows that there are now nearly four hundred thousand workers (one hundred and five thousand of them at Imperial Chemicals) participating in profit-sharing schemes. But it is also revealed that a high proportion of these schemes fall by the way-side—victims of a squeeze in profits, or employees' apathy.

MAMMON

People once worked in the cities as typists or clerks because it provided them with security in illness or old age. But the Welfare State has now handed this out on a plate. What stops people from chucking up their jobs and taking a cottage with a couple of acres? There is no longer a great gulf between the standard of living in the country and that which can be enjoyed in the town. A bed-sitting-room in London costs £4 a week. For that amount one can rent a modernized cottage with a garden. For the money town-dwellers spend on transport and restaurant meals they could rent enough land to grow their own food at a tenth of the cost and a tithe of the time.

Alfred the Great understood what really constituted a Welfare State: he stipulated that no cottage could be built without four acres of ground surrounding it, to provide the occupant with the means for subsistence and the freedom which that brings with it. Three acres and a cow was a later cry.

Whenever I take a bus in London I am at a loss to understand what makes the driver drive it, or the conductor take my fare. It would seem sanity to me if every omnibus, instead of drawling into the centre of the metropolis, turned round and scooted into the remoter counties. We have lost all sense of irresponsibility, which means the same as all appetite for life. A responsible citizen is a dead one.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Writers' Writers

A PLAIN reader is entitled to expect that Literature will replace the stock images, the stereotypes that he acquired as a boy from adventure stories and radio programmes, with something nearer to the real thing. Just after the war I learned how universal, although not immutable, these stereotypes can be. A form of fifteen-year-olds were trying an English exercise in which they had to write down an appropriate adjective for various classes of people. Their choice for foreigners was generally much the same as it would have been fifty years before: Frenchmen were excitable, Scots mean, Americans boastful. When they reached "Colonels" I expected something like "Liverish" or "Bone-headed." Instead, with one exception, they produced "Boozy" or, with more refinement, "Not teetotal." Colonel Chinstrap in "Itma" had replaced the older stereotypes. (The exception was a soldier's son who puzzled the form with "Efficient.")

This situation is dealt with fairly conscientiously by the more responsible novelists as far as sea-captains, mothers, nymphomaniacs, etc., are concerned. It is odd that the nearer the setting of a novel is to the novelist's own world, the more stereotyped his portraits of people become. For example, once you see on a book-jacket that a political novel is by an M.P. or an ex-M.P., you know that the Prime Minister will be far closer to the Prime Ministers in Victorian novels than to MacDonald or Baldwin or Attlee. Of course, fictional Prime Ministers should be fresh characters and as unlike real Prime Ministers as these have been unlike each other; the reader should feel that he is reading a new piece of history. The nearest approach by a real Premier to the stereotype is probably Sir Anthony Eden, whose youth, high principles, charm and dazzling upward rush into high office, together with his intermarriage with progressively more important political

families, made many readers feel that life was imitating literature at last. Even his prescient leap from sinking ship to bandwagon took the form of a quite Trollopian resignation. (If this seems unfair, consider some of the policies he supported before the public mood changed in favour of Churchill and Cripps.)

Even less convincing than politicians on politicians and dons on universities



are writers on writers. Joyce Cary produced a credible painter in *The Horse's Mouth* and Thomas Mann a credible musician in *Dr. Faustus*; but where is a comparable novelist? Even Arnold Bennett, whose *Journals* give a wonderful picture of a busy novelist from within, never succeeded in building a novel round a man of his own trade. English novels, from the most serious to the whodunit, are haunted by a stereotype of the novelist as Grand Old Man, knighted, *distingué* rather than distinguished, surrounded by warring relatives and disciples who later will fight over the unpublished work he so mysteriously leaves behind him. Occasionally he is a near-illiterate, but usually he is far more cultured than anybody

but an Art Gallery proprietor with private means would have time to be. Novelists invented by writers have the same kind of falsity as Modern Poets in Wodehouse or Eminent "Silks" in Buchan, of Great Painters in Huxley or the Other-worldly in Maugham.

A consistent world, like that of C. P. Snow's scientists or Hugh McGraw's engineers, is not destroyed by imagining the intrusion of a real physicist or electrical apprentice. Compare the literary world of Cyril Connolly's *Shade the Laurels*, the opening chapter of which appeared in *Encounter* recently. The scene is a lush festivity in celebration of a writer's knighthood. He lives in an atmosphere of luxury, deference and exhibitionist quoting. He is a character from a Norman Douglas or Aldous Huxley conversation-piece of forty years ago; but the setting is roughly contemporary and Sir Mortimer Gussage, K.B.E., is fifty-five. He could belong to one of the ancillary literary trades, but as a writer—and he is presented as a genuinely important writer—he seems all wrong, as sometimes the detectives in a whodunit seem all wrong, although the reader may have no first-hand acquaintance with Scotland Yard. (Of course, it is possible that the narrator is to be thrown over, that Sir Mortimer is to turn out to be a kind of Charles Morgan character. Being misunderstood is one of the dangers of publishing in bits: the reader has to go by what he is given.)

Fifty-five would make Sir Mortimer only a year or two older than Evelyn Waugh or Graham Greene or Mr. Connolly himself. As soon as one tries to imagine his being brought to see Virginia Woolf or receiving embarrassing but well-meant advice from Arnold Bennett or trying to find the right comment to make to Hugh Walpole on his knighthood or talking to Elizabeth Bowen or Ivy Compton-Burnett or finding himself on committees, now with Sir Osbert Sitwell, now with Sir Herbert Read, now with Stephen Spender, something jars the picture and it shivers and fades. When one tries to

imagine him actually writing, it vanishes. Even Mr. Connolly, who must know so much of his subject-matter at first hand, turns for his principal character, a man of his own trade, to a stereotype of the Great Writer as he has appeared in novels for the last hundred years.

R. G. G. PRICE

All About Ourselves and Other Essays.

J. B. Priestley. Heinemann, 21/-.
The Writer in a Changing Society.
Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Hand and Flower Press, 3/6

The writer's familiar voice comes warm and near through these pages, always masterly in exposition, always a little too carefully free from condescension whether dallying with infinities of time and space or plunging into profundities of human folly. Here is the philosopher who will tolerate nobody's brand of humbug but his own, the man of stuffed pockets and baggy trousers whose modest self-approval outstays a film-star's trumpetings, the entertainer who irritates without making one want him different.

Most of the seventy or more essays themselves, selected by Mr. Eric Gillett (and including one, *The Writer in a Changing Society*, bound separately as the Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture), were written before 1930 but that really does not matter. They seem to range from grand opera and editors and Little Tich and *Twelfth Night* to Rugby Union football and the gleaming cold fish on a marble slab that recalls the surge of ocean, but in the end they all come back to J. B. Priestley, good humour and tobacco smoke, with just a little reminder of that something greater beyond that he never quite forgets.

C. C. P.

The Tree of Man. Patrick White. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18/-

Mr. White's previous novels were experimental in technique, influenced by James Joyce and Virginia Woolf; his latest work has been compared, by transatlantic critics, to that of D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Hardy. Actually, the preponderant influence is Sherwood Anderson, as the penultimate passages reveal: "He would write a poem of death. Long words wired for the occasion, marble words of dictionaries, paper words in rat traps would decorate his poem. He was a bit frightened of it. But of course he did not believe in it, not really. He could not believe in death," etc., etc., until the final, hopeful message "So that, in the end, there was no end."

In adopting this self-consciously simple style to tell his "universal" story of an Australian farmer and his wife and family (and, of course, the Land) Mr. White cannot fail to attract the countless readers who like this type of Epic novel: while those who do not will, not unnaturally, let it alone.

J. M.-R.

Dieppe at Dawn. R. W. Thompson. Hutchinson, 15/-

In the prologue the tragic raid on Dieppe is likened to the Charge of the Light Brigade. There was a numerical difference. If we accept Lord Tennyson's figures the Crimean epic involved a mere six hundred men, whereas at Dieppe, after four months' planning, the High Command were able to launch into "the valley of death" five thousand Canadian troops, of which three thousand three hundred and seventy-four became casualties. In fact the only unit to reach its objective that dawn was Lord Lovat's Commando. Operating on the extreme right and led by Captain Roger Pettiward ("Paul Crum" of *Punch*), who lost his life in the action, they stormed and took the powerful Hess Battery.

The raid taken as a whole was a military disaster of the first order, but the apologists claim that the lessons learned from it were invaluable in the planning and execution of "Overlord." Though the ordinary reader may be inclined to disallow the claim, he will, after reading this admirably written account, admit that those who planned the Dieppe Raid had much to learn about amphibious warfare.

R. F. M.

AT THE EXHIBITION

*The Grenadier Guards
Tercentenary Exhibition*
(Closes June 23.)



ALL who enjoy military displays—and the popularity of the Trooping the Colour ceremony bears witness to their number—should see the Grenadier Guards Show at St. James's Palace where young and old of all heights of brow will be well entertained.

The exhibition emphasizes both the ceremonial and domestic sides of the Regiment rather than its warlike aspect, though of necessity all are intertwined, and were more so in the past. There are some fine paintings. A portrait group by Dobson (c. 1644) shows Prince Rupert and two Grenadier colonels, and there are other portraits by Reynolds and Zoffany, while in a different genre there is Hogarth's magnificently rowdy "The March of the Guards to Finchley" and again a conversation piece, lent by Cox and Kings the bankers, showing Mr. Cox being appointed as agent to the First Regiment in 1758.

Those who like bric-à-brac may be intrigued by a large Bohemian glass goblet—which one would hesitate to entrust to a modern domestic help—in which drinks were served to Marlborough before and after the battle of Malplaquet, and by an elaborate French dressing-case used by Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, accompanied by his night-cap and shirt. These and much else in the way of banners and drums, silver and china, have been well arranged with the help of the Royal College of Art.



"The next item on the agenda is the Chancellor's new appeal for wage restraint, and if no-one has anything to say we'll pass on to item twelve, the annual outing."

Interest is given an added boost near the end of the exhibition by a vivid display of some of the regiment's uniforms during the last three hundred years.

The Arts and the Café Royal (Closes June 17.)

Recently the Piccadilly and St. James's Association in their shops, and now the Café Royal on their premises, have given valuable space to the exhibition of the works of living painters. At the Café Royal a regular exhibition is going on with unusually convenient hours (11-7 and this includes Sundays). The show is the first of a series. It is representational in character and includes a number of works of charm and distinction by Margaret Green, Robert Powter, John Ellison, and Charles McCall among others.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

AT THE PLAY

The Family Reunion (PHENIX)
For Amusement Only (APOLLO)
King Lear (HARROW SCHOOL)



"I FEEL an overwhelming need for explanation," says Lord Monchensey, the hero of *The Family Reunion*, and he must be speaking for a good many of us. He himself is uncertain if he had really pushed his wife off the first-class deck into the Atlantic, but it seems he had wanted to, just as long ago his father had toyed unsuccessfully with the idea of killing his own dominating wife; and these hatreds have fomented a power which has drawn the Furies in pursuit of this eligible but humourless young peer, to decorate the terrace of the country house where his aunts and uncles have gathered in high embarrassment to welcome him back from a long journey. T. S. ELIOT, with his

habitual honesty about his own work, is now dissatisfied with the play and finds his hero a prig. Certainly Monchensey is appallingly self-centred; when he makes his great decision (apparently a noble one) to end his flight from the Furies and go away with them to expiation, he grows radiantly happy although knowing the shock will kill his mother.

The main weakness of the play is that whereas the motives of Greek tragedy were always gin clear, in trying to graft them to modern stock Mr. ELIOT has left far too much in the air, so that his hero is never a tragic, and often a slightly absurd, figure. Even in this production, easily the best we have seen, the obscurities achieve a solemnity which at times almost burlesques itself, although there are fine things in the language and two extremely dramatic scenes—between Monchensey and his mystic aunt (local representative of Mr. ELIOT's Sooth-sayers' Union, her colleagues being the witch-doctor in *The Cocktail Party* and the lady with second sight in *The Confidential Clerk*), and between this aunt and Lady Monchensey.

PETER BROOK has produced this revival with the greatest attention to speech and character. In a strange way his Furies, looming outside the windows, are rather terrible. He prepares us for the choral passages as tactfully as possible, with lowered lights and eerie music; but no preliminary treatment can ensure against

a feeling of irreverence at a gaggle of very English aunts and uncles forgetting themselves so curiously.

The cast has been skilfully chosen, and at every point the acting is good. PAUL SCOFIELD does wonders with Monchensey. As Agatha (the occult) GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES gives a most beautiful performance. SYBIL THORNDIKE and LEWIS CASSON, at last snatched from the Antipodes, are in strength as the dowager and the doctor. And in the part of Uncle Charles, the crusted pillar of Pall Mall, DAVID HORNE brightens the play enormously. If anyone had taken the trouble to tell him about the Furies, he would have known what to do; he would have presented them immediately to the zoo.

The shop-window of *For Amusement Only* is badly arranged. The first goods to be shown are nearly all the weakest; but just as we are deciding that this is to be no more than a tame little revue, it takes fire and begins to buffet us mercilessly. Then the antics of Liberace are lethally ragged by JIMMY THOMPSON. The craze for stealing pictures finds new expression in the daring theft of a bra advertisement from an escalator, described at the speed of Gilbert by RONNIE STEVENS. THELMA RUBY and HUGH PADDICK give us a startling preview of Lady Macbeth and Romeo meeting on the balcony in a slight confusion of the Old Vic repertory. In an

enviable piece of dramatic criticism HUGH PADDICK explains the difficulties of an actor not prepared to wait for Godot or wallow in the juvenile delinquencies of *The Threepenny Opera*, and so settling cheerfully for the tenth tour of *Sailor Beware!* And after the lunacies of TV have been put firmly in their place, the whole cast goes wild in a dangerously funny burlesque of an amateur performance of a Ruritanian musical.

The jest of the commère sitting in a tree all evening wears very thin, but otherwise the revue is without whimsy. It is civilized and unparochial, and at its best so witty that the slow start can be forgiven. PETER MYERS is the writer, RONALD CASS and JOHN PRITCHETT have provided lively music. Gusto and talent distinguish this young company, which includes DILYS LAYE and RON MOODY, and two charming dancers, NOEL ROSSANA and the producer, MICHAEL CHARNLEY.

RONALD WATKINS' productions on the Elizabethan stage in the Speech Room at Harrow School have been widely praised, and after seeing *King Lear*, surely a tough nut for boys, I am scarcely surprised. This was not just another school exercise. The use of space and levels was exciting (I was less certain about the rather glaring top lights, hard on the eyes); swiftly unfolded and spoken excellently, with direct simplicity, the play developed solid tragic force, and the standard of acting was considerably above the schoolboy average. To mention, unfairly, only two performances, the *Lear* of C. J. CARRAS had a fitful senility and a depth of feeling which argued eighty, not eighteen, and A. P. K. OSMOND's touching Edgar wrote for me a fresh chapter in the story of Poor Tom.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Othello (Stratford-on-Avon—6/6/56), honest, lovely to look at, and a rare Desdemona. *The Rainmaker* (St. Martin's—6/6/56), distils unexpected charms out of American hick simplicities. *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56), Ustinov's best.

ERIC KEOWN



Harry, Lord Monchensey—PAUL SCOFIELD

Agatha—GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

[The Family Reunion]

AT THE OPERA

Der Ring des Nibelungen
(COVENT GARDEN)



TWO-thirds of the way through the first cycle, critics, directors, all-in-reporters and gossip girls took an hour off in the Crush Room for a press conference on the tenth anniversary of State-aided opera and ballet at Covent Garden. As I sat down my Id and Super Ego were licking their lacerated wounds and floutings. The floutings, some flagrant, had been of Wagner's stage directions.

Instead of rising from the earthdeeps, Erda had played hide and seek behind

one of those laminated lumps which at Covent Garden pass for living rock. The Wanderer had no slouch hat or wall-eye, but to compensate for this was done up in elegant beard and blue drapes like an Ancient Greek fop in a bas-relief by the late Eric Gill. Siegfried entered the forest glade by full moonlight instead of at daybreak. The reed to turn into a bird-call he culled offstage and fiddled at it with his thumbnails instead of notching it with his sword. But the horrid flout of all was at the expense of Hunding, who gets along as best he can without meal, table, larder, door and roof, things which commonsense would call for even if the libretto didn't.

This *Walküre*, Act 1, set has now been with us three seasons. In 1954 it was unlit; we could hardly make it out. Last year, when the lights came on, we couldn't believe our eyes. The truth is now inescapable. Hunding's hut is not a hut at all but an unrationed bivouac.

I would not fuss so about the £30,000 or more spent (much of it wastefully in my view) on restaging the *Ring* if this year's performances were not so finely played, acted and sung under RUDOLF KEMPE's conductorship as to deserve more cogent scenes than most of Mr. HURRY's. In the second and third acts of *Götterdämmerung* Miss HARSHAW's Brünnhilde improved (like Mr. WINDGASSEN's Siegfried, up to a point) beyond all expectation and stopped our mopings for Flagstad. And I doubt whether in living memory there has been so uncannily gifted a trio on the same stage at the same time as ERICH WITTE (Loge), PETER KLEIN (Mime) and OTAKAR KRAUS (Alberich). On the strength of *Götterdämmerung* alone Lord Waverley deserves his extra £100,000. But if he gets it he must keep a closer eye on how it is spent.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

Thérèse Raquin—*Pacific Destiny*

ONE thing we needn't do in considering *Thérèse Raquin* (Director: MARCEL CARNÉ) is to approach it with strong feelings about ZOLA. This is not a literal "film version"; it is not even "period"; it is a modern story, and the credit titles say merely that it is "inspired by" ZOLA's novel. I never read the novel, but I knew the general outlines of the story, and it is on those that the director and CHARLES SPAAK have based the screen-play of a remarkably gripping film.

The strongest objection one can make is that in this form it is no longer a true tragedy. The dénouement of a true tragedy must not depend on a casual accident, and here it does. Another point I would mention is that occasionally there is an abrupt, unexplained gap in the sequence of events, what seems a ruinously sharp and sudden cut; this is the sort of thing that is always liable to happen in a film based on a novel



SIMONE SIGNORET

JACQUES DUBY

[Thérèse Raquin]
RAF VALLONE

(because of quite inevitable condensation, selection); but here, for all I know, the reason may be nothing but censorship. It is an "X" film as it stands, but one can't be sure.

But these gaps are very few and only momentarily disconcerting, and not enough to break the spell or weaken the power of the picture as a whole. To the main characters of the original—the wife, the lover, the husband and his mother—this version adds a fifth, a blackmailer; and it is by a mere chance that he precipitates the climax. Paid off by the guilty lovers, he is killed in a street accident as he leaves to stop the posting of the fatal letter in which he has told the police that the husband was murdered. This, as I say, makes the piece not a true tragedy; but it does not detract from the excellence of the characters as characters, or the satisfaction to be had from the brilliance with which the story is told. All the five main personages are individually memorable: SIMONE SIGNORET as Thérèse and RAF VALLONE as Laurent the muscular lorry-driver perfectly convey the inexorable force of their attraction, JACQUES DUBY as the weak little husband and SYLVIE as his jealously devoted mother are first-rate, and as the poisonously genial young blackmailer ROLAND LESAFFRE quite runs away with some of his scenes.

Incidentally, the train from which the husband is pushed in the middle of the night is the most real train I was ever (in the cinema) on.

Another book I never read is Sir ARTHUR GRIMBLE's *A Pattern of Islands*, which appears in (one gathers) a somewhat closer film version under the ludicrously misleading but possibly

more "commercial" title *Pacific Destiny* (Director: WOLF RILLA). There are plenty of pleasing qualities about this one, notably its visual charm (it was filmed in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour mostly on the island of Upolu in Western Samoa). It is a straightforward account of the experiences and misadventures of a young man who became a cadet in the Colonial Service before the 1914 war, essentially a string of episodes progressively less unfortunate for Grimble (DENHOLM ELLIOTT) and with little more "story line" to connect them than the gradual, at last triumphant justification of his wife's (SUSAN STEPHEN) never-failing confidence and encouragement. MICHAEL HORDERN is nicely irascible as the Resident Commissioner, one of those parts that seem specially written to keep that adjective alive.

Yes, on the whole "quite pleasing" is the phrase, nothing stronger; but almost the only positive criticism I would make is that one well-known film-narrative device of facetiousness—the emphatic refusal quickly followed by a picture implying agreement—is used too much.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

It's difficult to be certain about any of the films in London apart from *Death of a Cyclist* (23/5/56). To-day (Wednesday) is probably the last day of *Storm Centre* (6/6/56) at the Leicester Square Odeon, but it may be found at the Tottenham Court Road one and at the Metropole, Victoria.

Almost the only release to mention is *Woman of the River* (30/5/56). *It's Never Too Late* is quite a pleasant little piece designed to appeal specially to housewives.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Uneducated Archness

ONE of the mysteries of television is its kindness to conjurers, illusionists and ventriloquists. Never a week goes by without some display of prestidigitation and the appearance of some wooden-headed, trap-jawed dummy, and I refuse to believe that the viewing millions really enjoy these fatuous shadowy borrowings from the world of three-dimensional entertainment. The television cameras are wonderfully versatile, and television producers without ideas are painfully eager to demonstrate this versatility. On the television screen the illusions of magic are never ignored for long: people and things disappear before our very eyes, black becomes white and white black, images are superimposed and made transparent, performers a hundred miles apart are brought face to face, and crooners mime to voices from gramophone records. And conjurers, illusionists and ventriloquists from the stage cannot expect to compete effectively with this welter of fool-proof diablerie.

Why do they try? Or why does the B.B.C. (far more guilty in this respect than the I.T.A.) encourage them to try? The other week Peter Brough brought his dummy, Archie Andrews, to the studios and tried to repeat the astounding and inexplicable success of his sound radio series. Result, disaster. The dummy escaped from his master's knee and seldom spoke in his screen presence (Brough has been ventriloquizing for so long on sound radio that he has become somewhat careless about the disguise of lip-movement). It was carried about the studio and propped up in a variety of



(Here's Archie

PETER BROUGH

ARCHIE ANDREWS

unlikely attitudes, equipped with human hands (by back projection) and made to roll its eyes. But the producer must have realized, as the viewers did, that the animated dummy had ceased to be either a voice or a block of wood and had acquired the pitiful immobility of a paralytic: so there was a short stretch of film in which the dummy's head was fitted to a boy's body and made to appear ambulatory but ogish. Oh, dear!

Add to all this futile hanky-panky the fact that the script never rose above the comic level of a boy scout's gag-book, and you will understand my request that Peter Brough should know on which side his bread is buttered. Not the TV side. After the show a number of parents rang up the B.B.C. to complain that the programme was screened too late in the evening for the children. My opinion was that the nippers were lucky to be a-bed. That's where Archie should have been too.

The best way to lure middle-brows from TV to the Third Programme is to pepper the brainier dish very liberally with talks like Eric Hobsbawm's on "The Art of Louis Armstrong." This programme (a repeat) was splendid, full of lively illustrations and intent but dispassionate analysis. It would be helpful to general cultural development if more dons could be persuaded to let down their hair and discuss what they really enjoy in popular entertainment. Nothing but harm is done to the cause of music when the celebrities appearing in some programme like "Desert Island Discs" confess to a sneaking and rather shameful admiration for "Bottle Top Boogie" and "Don't Throw the Lamp at Father" and then dutifully (and with forced enthusiasm) select several lengths of chamber music by Hindemith. The B.B.C. is often incredibly naïve in its attempts to make us love the good. Anyway, full marks to Hobsbawm and Louis.

And while I am in the mood, good marks also to John Read, James Colina, Kenneth Higgins and Robert Reid for their work on the B.B.C. films describing the work of Stanley Spencer; to Christopher Chataway for a bright start in "Panorama"; to Christopher Mayhew for brilliant summing-up of the series "We, the British"; and to "A Show called Fred" (I.T.A.).

On the other hand it is sad to find that useful performer Kenneth Horne trying to add respectability to an otherwise dismal show called "Camera One." This is yet another outlet for the mad ambitions of screen-struck young men and women of little talent and no originality. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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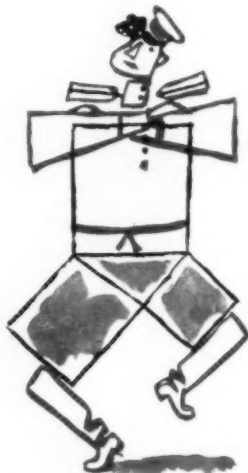
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EUROPE in PERSchwepprive

The perschweppive of Russia reveals the hitherto unrecorded existence of a powerful SCHWEPPTH Column.

There is for instance, co-existent with a Five Year Plan, a Five Year Plan to end Five Year Plans, which includes a Five Year Plan for being totally inconsequent and digging up all statues of Workers looking steadily towards the sky as if they had just seen something tremendously encouraging above the horizon. There is also a Five Months Plan for being the person who occasionally takes an extra day off: a Five Fortnightly Plan for realising that though the New is obviously tremendously good in Russia, the isolated Old had individual moments when, intermittently, it was not bad either: and there is a Five Week Plan for



reading Tolstoy and Dostoievsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, 'Annie Get Your Gun,' Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. And just occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Elton

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make
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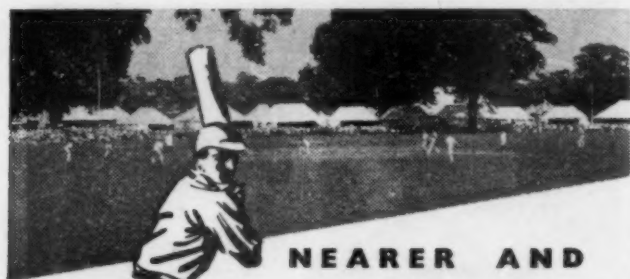
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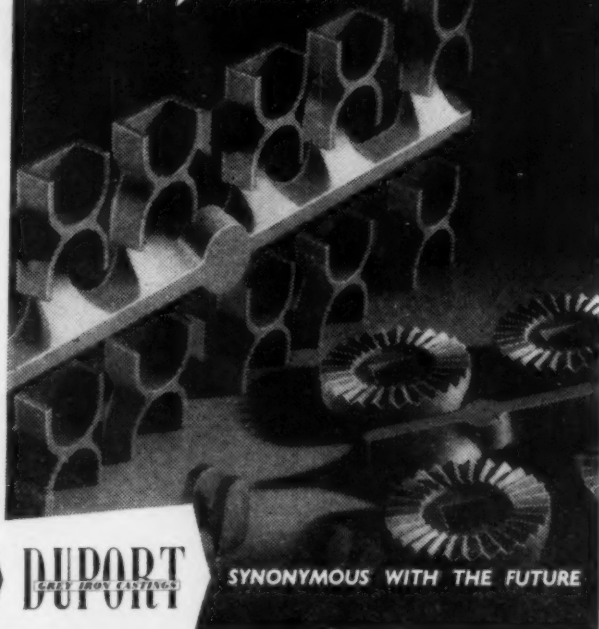


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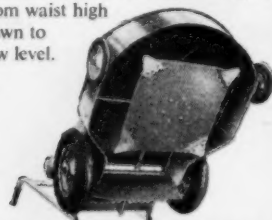
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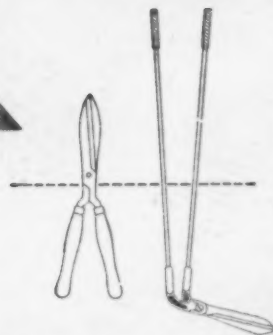
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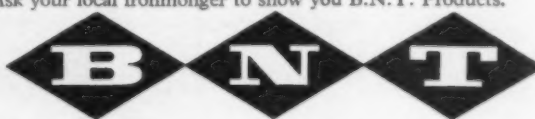


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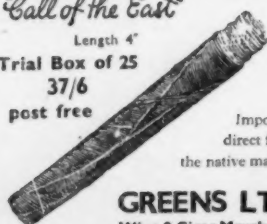
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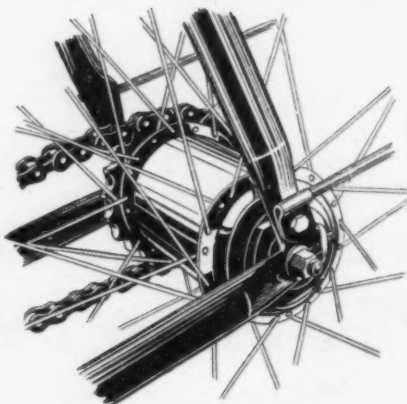
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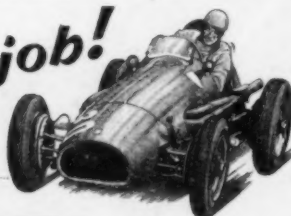
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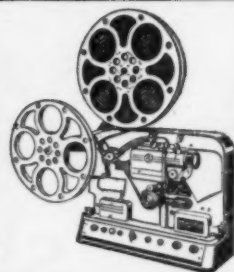
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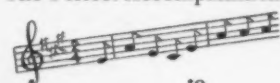
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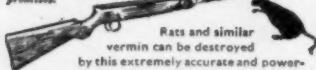
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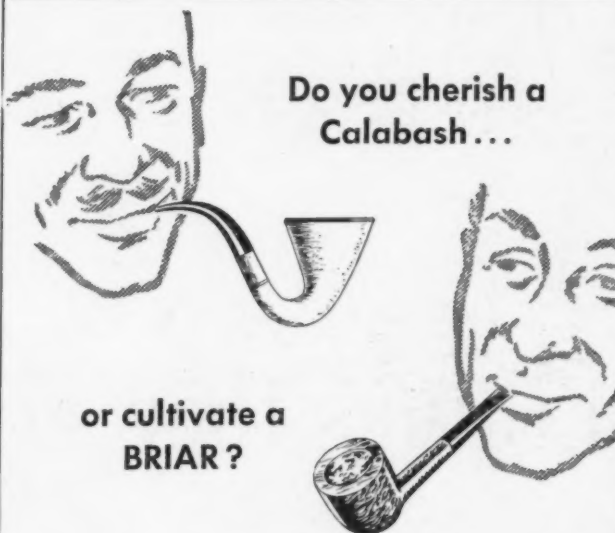
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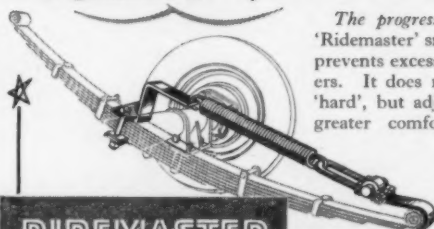
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BB4-12



Going to chance your arm or will you make sure now of top performance from a trouble-free engine?

"Last year," says Tom Vaughan of Chelsea, "I took my car abroad for the very first time." And if you aren't very careful he'll tell you exactly how he spent every minute of a wonderful holiday. What's well worth hearing though is the bit about his car. "The engine never even looked at trouble—sweet as a little bird—and those mountains were something to take, I can tell you. Didn't do anything special either. I put it all down to the oil I'd been using and to regular servicing. It's kept that car as good as the day I bought it in 1952—good and lively and reliable."

Mr. Vaughan's choice

"I'd read about Shell X-100 and it seemed good sense that engine oils which were good enough before the war, weren't up to scratch for our modern, high performance engines. So I gave this new one a try—and now I never stop patting myself on the back. The engine had an overhaul at 45,000, just before I went to Italy: it was as clean



as a new pin and wear was next to nothing. So I set out with a very light



heart, I can tell you—and came home even more pleased."

One of 700,000

Mr. Vaughan's is no isolated case. More than 700,000 motorists now use Shell X-100 Motor Oil in Britain (and many, many more abroad). The best test—their own experience—has proved that this new kind of oil keeps their engines young and lively twice as long. New additives in Shell X-100 keep dirt from clogging oilways and fouling piston

rings, valves and gears. They also increase the "cling" of the oil so that it doesn't drain off bearing surfaces. And above all they fight the acid action caused by a combination of water and acid produced during running, particularly cold running. This acid action is now known to be responsible for up to 90 per cent of engine wear.



Where trouble starts

British weather is a car's worst enemy. Short runs and cold running give acid action its head and let it take thousands of miles off engine life. Here starts the damage that will perhaps come to crisis at the height of your holiday, spoiling your enjoyment and emptying your wallet. Go now to a garage with a Shelllubrication Bay. Have your car greased and thoroughly checked, not forgetting the gear-box and back axle, and have the engine filled with Shell X-100, the proved detergent motor oil. It is available in all the following grades: 20/20W, 30, 40, 50, and multi-grade 10W/30.

Punch, June 13 1956



A view takes the eye; a car takes punishment. Gradients like these search out weak spots in a car. Heat and hard work can play havoc with an engine, unless the oil you use gives the right protection. Shell X-100 was designed to do this. Shell X-100 gives protection.



Lovely and warm. It's good to get away—and good to get home without trouble. That's one good argument for Shell X-100. Another is the fact that wherever you go on the Continent, you can still buy this modern oil. Better motoring is now international.



The cool green fields of home. For the motorist in search of beauty, Britain too offers great rewards. But here again it's your car that bears the brunt. So go to your Shelllubrication *now*. Have them fill your engine with Shell X-100, the *proved* detergent oil.

Change to **THE PROVED DETERGENT OIL**

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